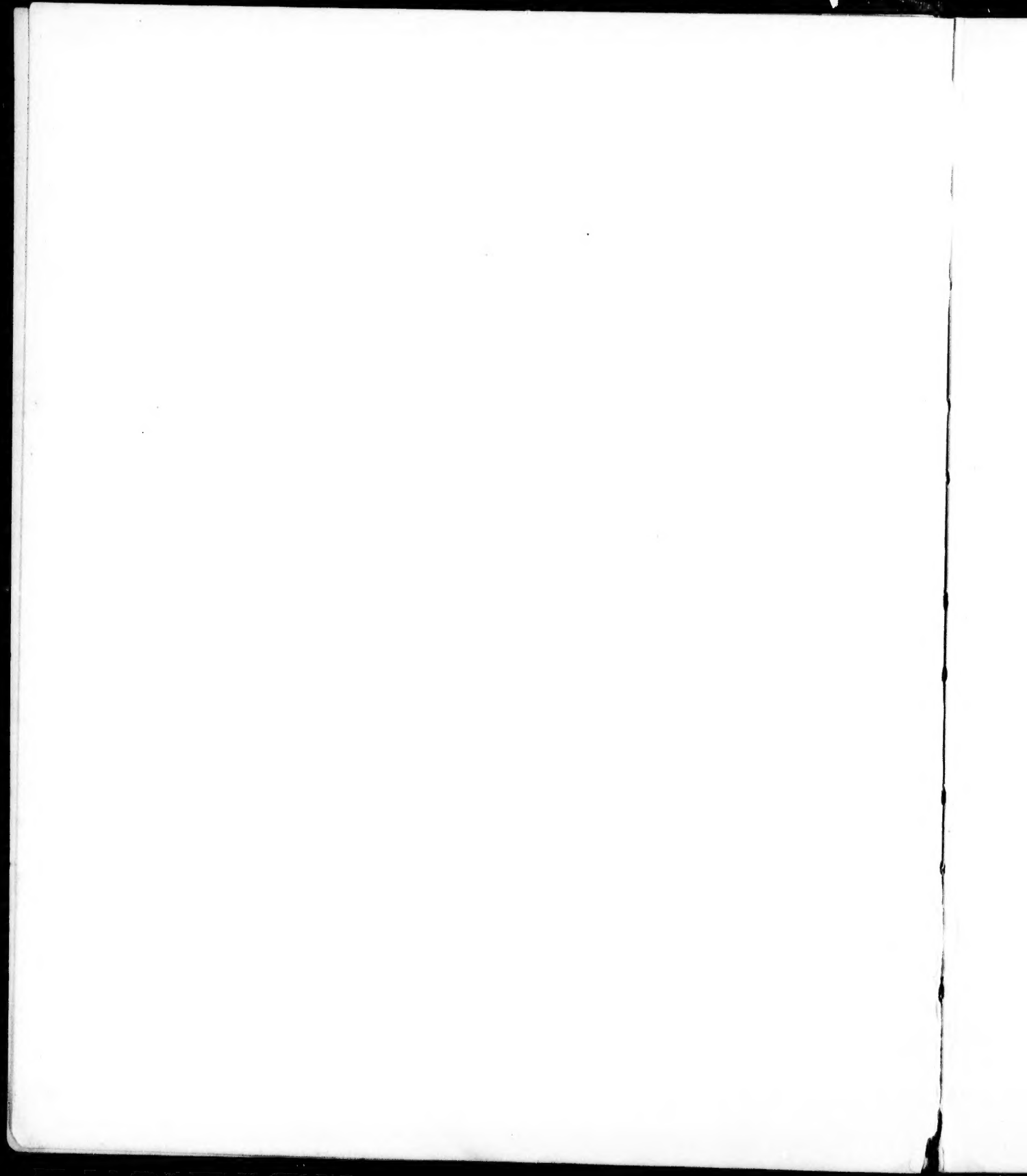
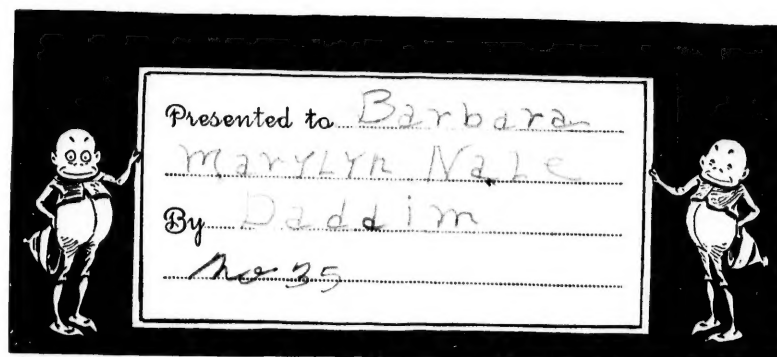
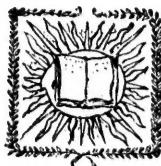






THE BROWNIES ABROAD

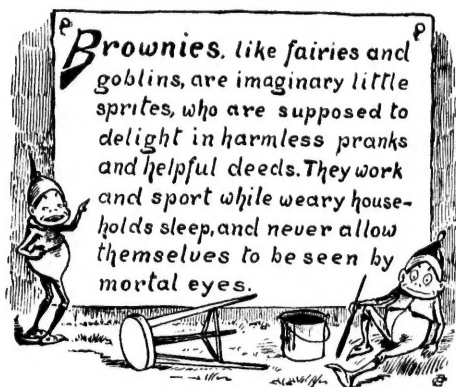
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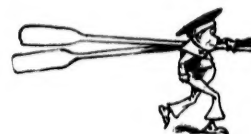


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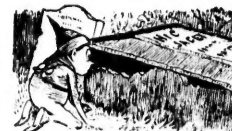
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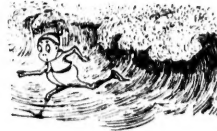


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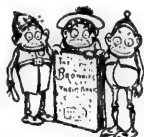
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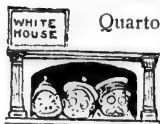


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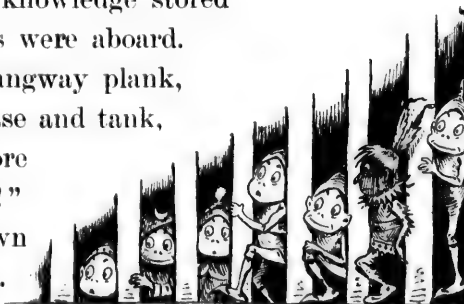




ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP.

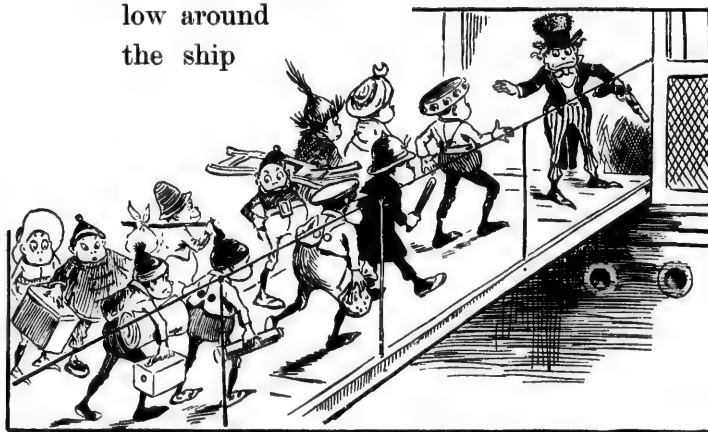
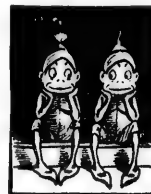


HE stately ship had turned her prow
 For ocean wide the waves to plow;
 The foaming wake that spread so white
 Already told the engine's might;
 The sturdy crew so tried and good
 At various posts of duty stood;
 But from the skipper to the man
 Who greased the galley frying-pan,
 Not one was with the knowledge stored
 That cunning Brownies were aboard.
 In spite of guarding gangway plank,
 In spite of watching case and tank,
 In spite of shouts, "All those ashore
 Not booked to cross the ocean o'er!"
 The Brownies in some way unknown
 Had made the stately ship their own.



ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP.

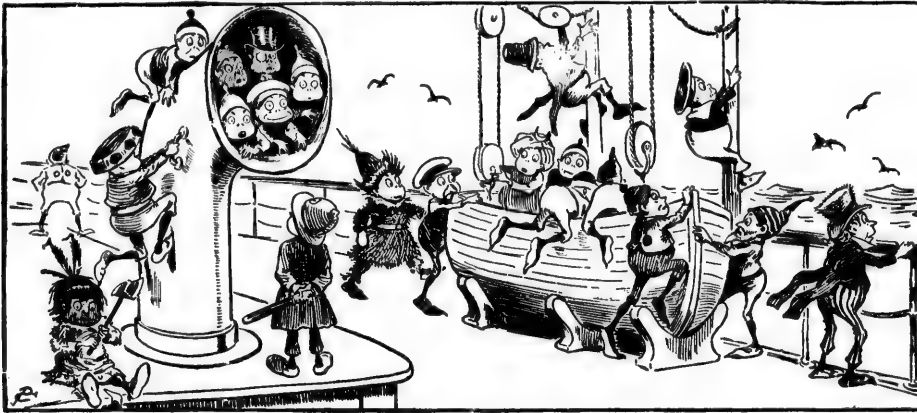
Embedded in the vessel's coal,
Where several members safely stole,
Or hid in bales of merchandise,
The Brownies feared no prying eyes,
For not a soul, however bright,
Upon that ship had second sight;
And none can hope the veil to lift
That screens the rogues, without that gift.
When mists hung
low around
the ship



Those who lend the
world their light
Of must borrow
from the night.

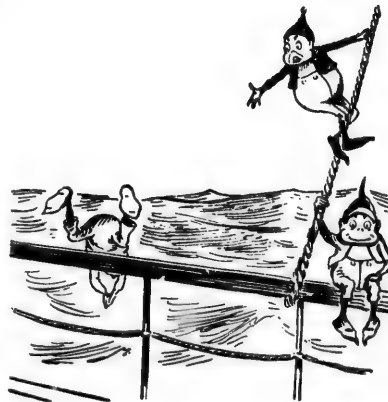
And threatened to delay the trip,
And seamen tried to penetrate
The gloom that hid the narrow strait,
The Brownies crept from bin and bale,
From crates secured with screw and nail,
From corners near and nooks remote,
And from the davits swung a boat
Well filled with members of the band,
Who volunteered to bear a hand.

ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP.



A line was fastened to the bow,
And to the gig below, and now
With mystic power they swiftly rowed,
And through the fog the vessel towed.
Strange thoughts indeed ran through the
head

Of those who stood in doubt and dread
Upon the deck, to see her breast
The waves while engines were at rest.
Three times the captain orders gave
To anchor cast, the ship to save;
But changed as many times his mind
When at the chart he looked to find
She kept the proper course as fair
As if the tiller were his care.
But who can gage a mystic strength,
Or strive by rules to fix the length
To which it runs when great demands
Are made on every pair of hands?



ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP.



To even fish the sight seemed strange,
Who, not prepared for such a change,
Kept eyes upon the captain's gig
Thus towing round a ship so big;
And news soon circled through the deep
About the scene when, with a sweep
That stirred the ocean to its bed.
The smaller craft the greater led.
At other times to boats they flew
When fields of ice appeared in view,

And from the vessel's course would shove
The bergs that towered high above
With poles, and knees, and hands, and breast,
And shoulders into service pressed.
They moved the mass with mighty strain
That almost grounded in the main,
And safely on her given way
The steamship ran without delay.



At times some dynamite they tried,
And ice was scattered far and wide,
While wildly whirling through the air
Went walrus, seal, and polar bear.
When sea-fowl screamed before the gale
The Brownies reefed the splitting sail,
And lashed the boats and hatches all,
Lest mountain waves should on them fall.
At times, in rows along the rail,
They watched the spouting of a whale,
And told the spot where next he 'd show
His head above the waves to blow.



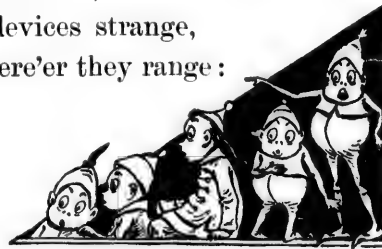
ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP.



The eagle from the azure sky
Upon the ocean bent its eye,
And marked the finny tribes below,
That move in legions to and fro.
So Brownies, through some mystic spark,
Can gaze into the waters dark,

And note the fish that scud around
From cape to cape, from sea to sound,
As plainly as if great and small
Were hanging in a market stall,
Or on a huckster's board were spread
And with a price upon their head.
This gift induced the Brownies queer
In ocean deep to often peer,
And hold some conversation light
About the fish that passed in sight.
Said one: "How restless as the air
Are those cold-blooded bone-freaks there—
Some formed as if the rogues escaped
From nature's hand ere rightly shaped,
And thus half made must ever glide
A laughing-stock through ocean wide;
More roaming round to gather in
Whatever has a weaker fin;
While others, with devices strange,
Command respect where'er they range:

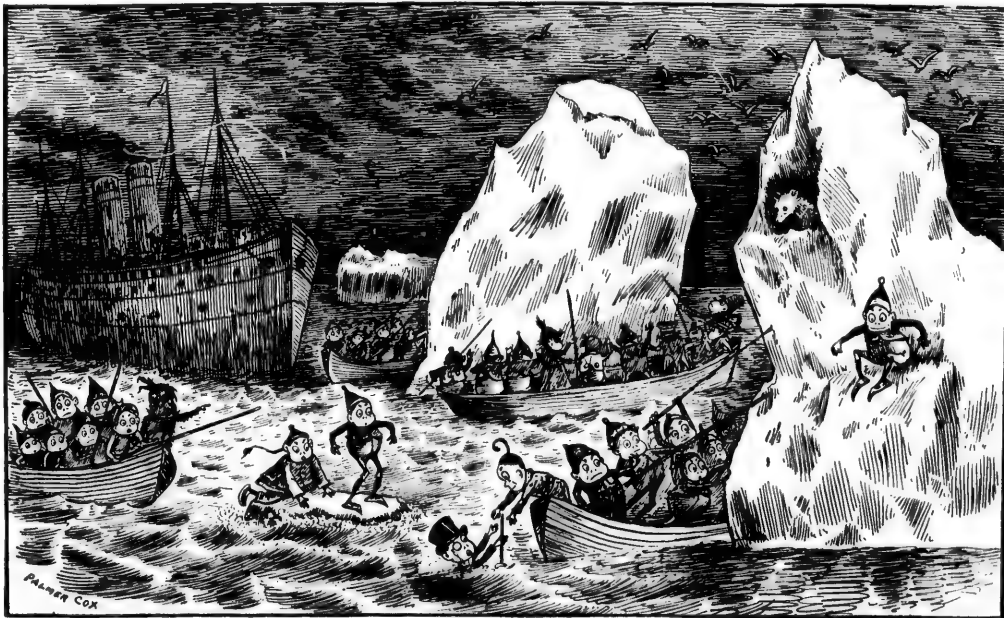
The saw-fish, ready to apply
The tool to every passer-by;
The swordfish, with its nasal spike
Unsheathed in peace and war alike,



ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP.



The bloater, puffed so much with pride
There 's room for little else inside ;
The pipe-fish, ever ready found
To play a requiem for the drowned ;
The eel, with batteries in its tail
To shock the senses of the whale,
And make the shark, that master sinner
Of Southern seas, give up his dinner."
"They 're like some men," another said,
"With surly and unsettled head,
Who only seem content and blessed
When they disturb some person's rest."
Though much they liked to have their say
About such things as crossed their way,



ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP.

Not talk alone engaged the band,
For toil at times taxed every hand.
Some nights to work the Brownies stole,
And spent their time in heaving coal.



Like stokers to the business bred
The roaring furnaces they fed.
And thus, through their mysterious aid,
A record-breaking trip was made —
Assisting when the fog had lowered,
Assisting when the iceberg towered,
Then sweating in that iron cage
To keep the steam at highest gage.
No wonder lighthouse-keeping men
Would rub their eyes and look again,
To see that vessel plowing past
Ahead of those reputed fast.
Dear Reader, do you love the band?
Then reach me o'er the page your hand,

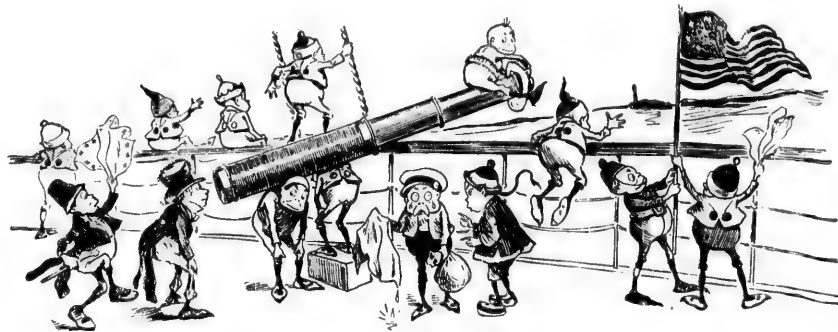


ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP.



Let him not boast
who sails away
from shore.
With him who home
returns the
voyage o'er.

For we are one in flesh and bone,
As if we knelt at altar-stone.
When you must cross the ocean wide
And dare the dangers of the tide,
The fogs that fill the soul with dread,
The ice collected dead ahead,
The furnace hard to keep aglow,
The men undone with heave and throw,



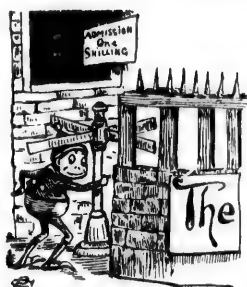
Then may the Brownies take a trip
Across the sea upon your ship,
And she will leave as white a wake
As any craft that records break,
And bear you safely to the pier
Without a shock or shake or fear.





THE BROWNIES

AT THE ZOO.

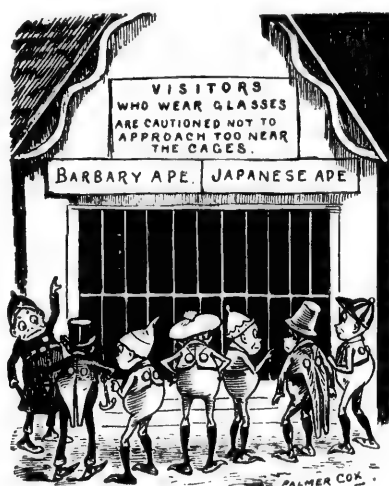


moon that rose at shut of day
 Among the stars to hold her way
 Ne'er smiled upon a brighter scene
 Than met her gaze when Brownies keen
 For sport that had been duly planned
 From Primrose Hill surveyed the land
 And blocks of buildings stretching quite
 Beyond the range of sharpest sight.
 Said one, who seemed to be aglow
 With love for all things here below :
 "To us the book of nature lies
 An ever new and glad surprise;
 Each day a leaf that does unfold
 Some glories that will ne'er grow old.
 The twinkling stars our joys renew
 That with the light of morning flew;
 The moon, though seen in every phase,
 Is still the subject of our praise;
 The water rolling on the shore
 But makes us wish to know it more;



THE BROWNIES AT THE ZOO.

The trees beneath whose shade we rest
 Shall ever be admired and blessed;
 The brook that leaps its mountain course
 But urges us to seek its source.
 How sad to be a mortal man
 Who worries through his earthly span,
 Concerned in money-getting schemes,
 Annoyed by debts, disturbed by dreams!
 No time to glance around and trace
 The beauty spread on nature's face."
 Then talk extended through the band
 About the garden near at hand,
 Where they could view, in cage and pen,
 The creatures gathered in by men.
 Not broken glass upon the wall,
 Nor spikes to pierce one like an awl,



Can keep the Brownies from a place
 To which they turn their eager pace.
 They laugh to scorn the schemes and traps
 To keep one out, or in, perhaps,
 That men display in show of power
 Or right to rule their little hour.
 Ere long they found themselves inside,
 And were amused and gratified
 To find a large collection there
 Of birds and beasts on which to stare.
 Few greater pleasures Brownies find
 Than viewing beasts of every kind,
 Though quite domestic in their trait,
 Or, gathered from some foreign state,

THE BROWNIES AT THE ZOO.

To glare on man with eyes ablaze
From narrow cages all their days.
They soon made bold to gently lead
Some animals from bed or feed;
And birds, as well, that in their way
Could give delight till morning gray.

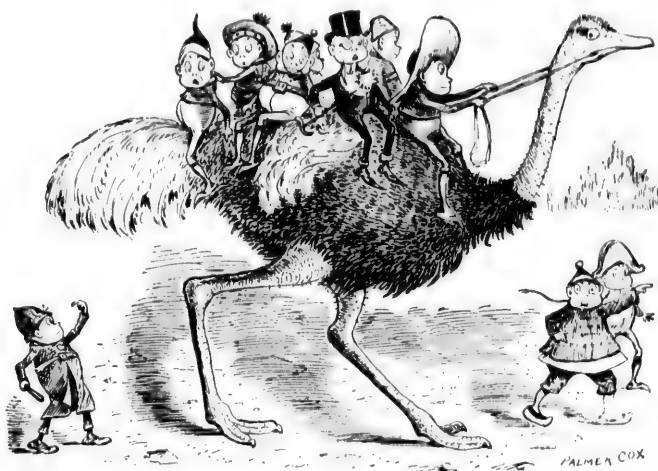


The tall giraffe was not above
Their reach, and meekly as a dove
He took the bit and bore the strain
Of saddle, girth, and bridle-rein.
A ride on such a novel steed
Was something they enjoyed indeed,

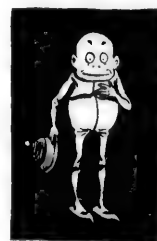
THE BROWNIES AT THE ZOO.



And lights began to lower burn
Before each Brownie had his turn.
The only danger seemed to be
From branches of the garden tree,
Which raked its back as round it strode,
And brought alarm to all the load.



The ostrich was no less a prize
That soon attracted Brownie eyes;
And yielding to their mystic hand,
He humbly sat upon the sand
Until enough were booked to go
To make his legs bend like a bow.
Thus, while the fun was at its height,
And every face was smiling bright,
And nothing seemed to hover near
To stop their sport or waken fear,



Hang down your head
When others sin:
Remember all the world
is kin.

THE BROWNIES AT THE ZOO.

Some trouble was not far removed
That all their art and cunning proved.
While fumbling at a bolt or bar,
By chance a gate was left ajar ;
And seizing their advantage, soon
Chimpanzee, monkey, and baboon



Came trooping out, and lost no time,
But here and there began to climb.
A task before the Brownies spread
From tree to shrub and flower-bed

THE BROWNIES AT THE ZOO.

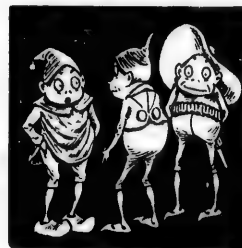


That fully taxed the hand and mind
And all their native tact combined.
Without a hook, or steel, or prod,
A wooden club or iron rod,
At once a general move was made
To rectify the escapade.

While through the trees some wildly chased,
Around the houses others raced.
With such an active swarm to hive
They had to keep their wits alive;
And never had that garden green
Revealed before so strange a scene.



Those who pursue for many a mile
The ape through Madagascar's isle,
Explore the dark Brazilian shade
To catch the creatures for the trade,
Or in Australian bushes get
The little whiskered marmoset,
Had learned some points to help their case
Could they have seen the flight and chase.
No housetop was a safe retreat
Where one might long maintain a seat,
For Brownies like a vine can climb
The smoothest wall of stone or lime.
With bite and scratch that garments frayed,
The work on hand was much delayed,
Until at times it seemed as though
The morning sun his face would show
Ere those evincing strength and rage
Were safely lodged within their cage.



THE BROWNIES AT THE ZOO.



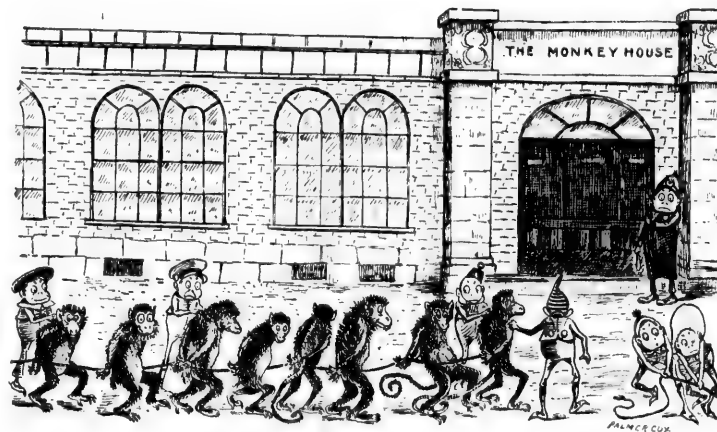
No ape could leap
a garden bed
By more than natural
powers sped,
Nor climb a wall
or slippery limb
With more than natural
skill and vim,
While Brownies own
a mystic gift
Which gives them over
all a lift.

And so from branch and chimney-top
The chase went on, without a stop.
A stranger, busier time than this
Was never carried on, I wis.
Some were submissive to their will,
But others showed a temper ill,
And set on freedom such a price
They acted any way but nice.
Though pulling back, resisting still,
And chattering like a fanning-mill,
No choice was left in mystic hands
But to comply with all demands;
No pains or breaks the rogues endured;
They simply were again secured.
The minutes fled, and hours ran, too,
Before the gathering in was through;
But to the Brownie band belongs
The spirit that will right all wrongs.



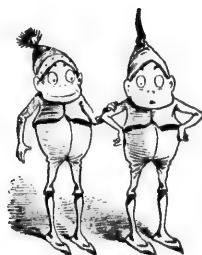
'Tis grand to speak
your mind outright,
But first make sure
the door's in sight.

THE BROWNIES AT THE ZOO.



To cage they led — no easy job —
The long-tailed monkeys and the bob,
And thrust them in behind the bars,
To chatter at the moon and stars,
Well pleased with sport the night had brought,
And exercise they long had sought;
For never had they so much air
And freedom from their prison fare,
Such hide-and-seek and treatment mild
Since they ran through their native wild.
Then, turning quickly from the place,
The band commenced the homeward race;
And, crowding through the tunnel dark,
They left the Zoo and Regents Park.





THE BROWNIES

SHOOT THE NET.



HE droning beetle's dismal hum
Gave warning that the night had come,
When out from nook and secret bower
Came Brownies, watchful of the hour.
Those who could boast a second sight
Might have beheld the rovers bright
Proceeding o'er the grassy lea
The shortest way to reach the sea.
When Brownies run there is a tear
Across the ground, one can't compare
To anything that moves without
The aid of wings, the world about;
The goblin element sublime
Is well defined at such a time,



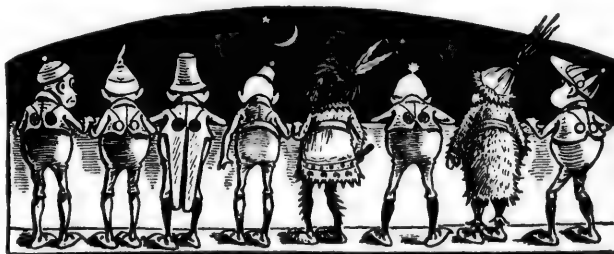
THE BROWNIES SHOOT THE NET.



And he who tries
a mate to find
For such a fay
will wreck his mind.
Thus running, resting,
chattering still,
They passed the time
away until
The place was reached
where every sprite
Was pledged to show
his mystic might.
They stood above
the town of Bray,
That nestled by
a pleasant bay,
Where tourists often
stop to rest
And see old Ireland
at its best.

And as they paused their ready eye
Saw nets were hanging out to dry,—

For here some
fishermen supplied
The market of
the countryside,—
And sorely tempted
were they all
To shoot the net
and make a haul.



THE BROWNIES SHOOT THE NET.

In fact, so strong temptation pressed,
They yielded, as might well be guessed ;



For Brownies are like mortals still,
In reason strong, but weak of will.
Ere long a boat was ready made ;
In many a fold the nets were laid,
For paying out as round they veered
In circles when the spot was neared
Where fish were likely to await
The morning hour in drowsy state.
The jumping salmon signals set
When it was time to shoot the net.
A fish convention seemed to be
In session in that part of sea,
For those that seldom meet the sight
Of fishermen now came to light.
The weight within soon put to test
The net, which was not of the best,

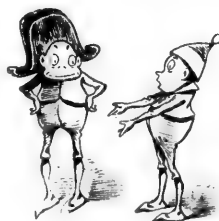


If lost your venture
eat your crow
And by the banquet
wiser grow.

THE BROWNIES SHOOT THE NET.

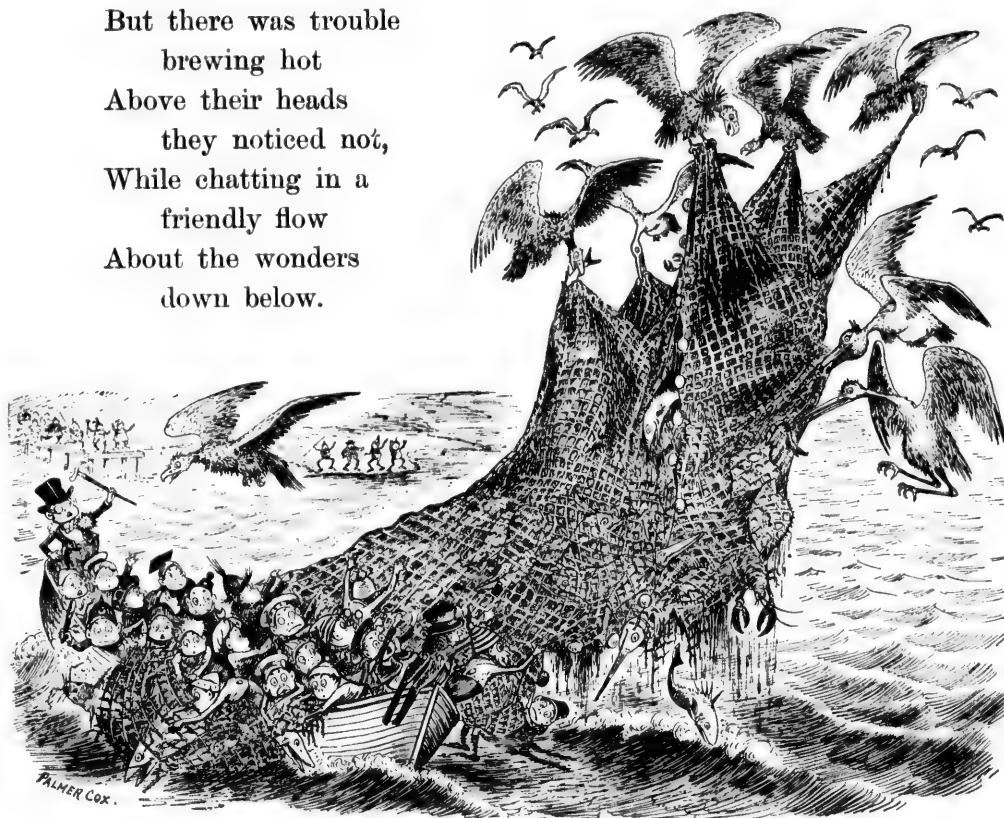
And some got partly out, while more
Escaped to see a foreign shore.
The wondering Brownies from the boat
Bent down the different fish to note;
Some from the deepest ocean bed,
And more that in the breakers fed.
The strange collection struggling there
In narrow quarters made them stare.
Said one: "If we had skill to draw
The secret from each rascal's jaw,
If they could wag their tongues as well
As they can wag their tails, they 'd tell
Us many things about the deep
Would shame imagination's sweep;
They 'd tell of ships that lie below
As when they foundered years ago,
The masts still pointing to the light
From which they plunged that awful night,
When from the ocean to the sky
Went up the last despairing cry.

There hermit-crabs are throned in state
Where sat the captain and the mate;
The sculpin, shrimp, and meaner fry
In lower hold and locker lie;
While slimy things leave seaweed screens
To breed in pots and soup-tureens."
Another said: "The sea, my friend,
Will keep the secret to the end;
So pull away and let us land
The heavy catch we have in hand."



THE BROWNIES SHOOT THE NET.

But there was trouble
brewing hot
Above their heads
they noticed not,
While chatting in a
friendly flow
About the wonders
down below.



The sight of fish so quickly caught
The birds from every quarter brought,
And diving round to get their share
They caused no small commotion there.
Not waiting for the net to land,
Nor even to be well in hand,
They fastened on the struggling prey
While in the tangling mesh they lay,

THE BROWNIES SHOOT THE NET.



And dragged it up
with shriekings loud
As if to hide it
in a cloud.
A stranger sight
than that, I ween,
'Twixt sky and water
ne'er was seen
By those who have
spent all their days
In doubling capes
or missing stays.
It took good work
to check the raid
The starving flock
so boldly made.
In union there is
strength, no doubt,

For tyrants long since found it out;
And here united wings perforce
Did wonders in their upward course.
The Brownies are not those that yield
Their rights to everything afield,
So still they fought, till yielding strands
Returned once more to eager hands
The major part when all was done;
But many birds their breakfast won.
The boats were promptly turned for
shore
With mystic strength at every oar.

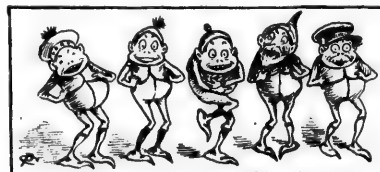


THE BROWNIES SHOOT THE NET.

Before the keel had touched the sand
Some anxious workers leaped to land,
And waist-deep in the water wrought
Till safe on shore the prize was brought.
Then, as the east was growing red,
The Brownies from the city fled.
But hardly was the treasure beached
Before the news all quarters reached;
To Dublin Bay, to high Bray Head,
To inland towns the story spread,
For people told each one they met
The Brownie Band had shot the net,
And made a haul to shame the most
Successful men along the coast.
Then bags and baskets soon were got,
And people hastened to the spot
To pick them freely from the ground
While still alive and flopping round.
Then meat was stricken from the card,
And fish-heads grinned in every yard.
And travelers through those parts declare
The scent of fish was in the air;
For fish was roasted, boiled, and fried,
At morning, noon, and eventide.



Not all can speak
to move the heart,
But all should do
their little part.





THE BROWNIES AT FLODDEN FIELD.

IN golden clouds the god of day
 Had wrapped his form and slipped away,
 And Luna, queen of night, unfurled
 Her banner o'er a slumbering world,
 When Brownies lightly took their way
 Till Flodden Field before them lay.
 Old Norham Castle's ruins vast
 Upon them frowned as they went past;
 The round moon threw a mellow light
 Upon the walls that, still upright,
 Reveal a strength that well might cause
 The Brownies in their run to pause.
 At double-quick they gained the ridge.
 Across the Till, by Twizel Bridge,
 They formed a wide, respectful ring
 Around the stone where died the king.
 Said one: "This stone we here behold
 So firmly planted in the mold,



THE BROWNIES AT FLODDEN FIELD.



With rude inscription overspread,
 Marks where poor Scotland lost her head,
 While from the fatal field of gore
 Some faithful Scots their sovereign bore."
 The Brownies rambled round a space
 To find the cross of stone in place

That marked the
 According to the
 The stone with its
 Had disappeared,
 Still trickled down
 As when at eve
 Ran with the casque

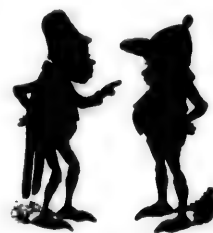


In answer to the dying knight.

spring in Flodden vale
 poets' tale.
 inscription old
 but water cold
 the narrow glade
 the noble maid
 for water bright,

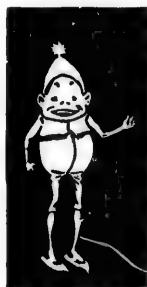
THE BROWNIES AT FLODDEN FIELD.

The Brownies drank from that cool rill
While talking of the battle still,
Some scooping water in the hand
With proper care like Gideon's band,
While others, lying on the bank
With face to ripple, quickly drank.
Said one: "Who seeks a better drink
Than this, my friends, should pause and
think.



For many a man to ruin went
Because with water not content —
That honest draft that will not pitch
The home-returning in the ditch,
Or lead his feet to paths of sin
To shame himself and all his kin."
Said one, as he with sparkling eye
Addressed a group that gathered
nigh:

"At every turn from Tweed to Till
The poet's stanzas haunt you still,
With such a graphic pen he spread
The story that the world has read.
You pick out for yourself the place
Where Lady Clare with pallid face
Looked on the battle in dismay,
Until the stubborn ranks gave way.
You hear not birds in hedges pipe,
Nor mark the grain for sickle ripe,
For other sight and sound, I ween,
Will for the moment crowd between.



The bird that sings
upon the brier
Is often mute
behind the wire.



THE BROWNIES AT FLODDEN FIELD.



Now loud and wild,
in fancy's ear,
The Border slogan's
tones you hear,
And battle-cry, while
pennons gay
Are waving in the
thickest fray."
Applying nimble hands
and knees,
They climbed at once some
neighboring trees,
To view the field from
side to side
Where England won and
Scotland died,
And muse upon the
fearful rout
That woeful day saw
carried out.
Said one: "A better view
we 're bound
To have from here than
from the ground;
And when I start upon
the quest
Of something good, I want
the best.

Let others be content to squat
Upon a stone; it suits me not.

THE BROWNIES AT FLODDEN FIELD.

And if there is the slightest chance,
I 'll struggle for a bird's-eye glance."
Another said: "I 'm with you there.
Give me the view from upper air;
To sit on crags or lofty trees,
See nature as the eagle sees
It stretching out in light and shade,
With shimmering stream and somber glade,
Is pleasure that you 'll hardly gain
Through open door or window-pane."



The Western world is not alone
The place on earth where trees are blown

THE BROWNIES AT FLODDEN FIELD.



Across the country, branch and root,
Till whirling to the clouds they shoot.
Now, while the Brownies seemed to be
From every hint of danger free,
Some trouble was about to light
And mar the pleasure of the night.
A stronger wind than swiftly broke
Ne'er wrestled with a Border oak.
First leaves gave out, then twigs let go,
Then roots began to groan below,
Which told the trial was too keen
For them to longer lie unseen.

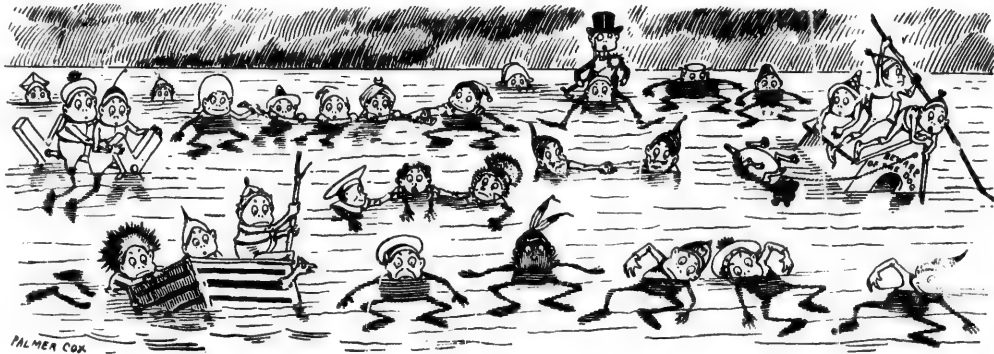
The earth began to heave around,
The tree-tops nigher stoop to ground.
At last they leaped from soil and sand
Across the heath with half the band.
The creatures that had made their nest
Within the tree, scared with the rest,
Deserted beds in wild despair,
With loss of feathers and of hair.



The scene was wild, and wilder still
It grew as they whirled o'er the hill
And took direction of the Tweed
That swept around a sloping mead.
Through every mind the question passed
How long the fearful gale would last.
Would it continue till they rolled
A struggling mass in water cold?
Or would it haply die away
While yet the ground beneath them lay?

THE BROWNIES AT FLODDEN FIELD.

But while revolving in the mind
These questions of a vital kind,
The onward journey was maintained
Until the brink indeed was gained.
Upon the bank a few were thrown,
And more the river's depth were shown:



Some swam with skill, while others found
Such things as freshets bring around
When floods o'erspread the cultured lea
And dooryard treasures start for sea.
Then, like the beaten host of yore
That sought at night the Scottish shore,
The Brownies quit the famous land
And left it to the peasant's hand.





THE BROWNIES CUTTING TURF.



that the day begins
to draw
To evening, and to
nature's law
The birds and beasts
respectful bend

And to their dens or perches wend,
The Brownies, watchful of the hour,
Grow eager to display their power,
And with impatience ill concealed
Await their time to take the field.
They never met so strong of hand
As when the lively goblin band
Assembled once in spirits light
At cutting turf to spend the night.
Behind them dark against the cloud
A castle stood, no longer proud
With banners bright and towers strong,
And inmates filled with wine and song;



THE BROWNIES CUTTING TURF.



If frown you must
at every task,
In mercy wear
a smiling mask.

For long before in ruin's name
The owl and bat had filed their claim.
Said one: "How fortunate are we
Who in all things some pleasure see!
Could mortals be content to face
Their toil and sport with equal grace,
How lightly would the day go by
To thousands who now fret and sigh!
If labor by some happy chance
Could to the pleasure-line advance,
How fast the pegs would find the shoe,
And stitebes run through garments new!
There would be music in the plane
To shame the tenor's sweetest strain,
And peals of laughter in the saw
To rival childhood's rich guffaw,
And in the anvil's clanging knells,
The melody of Shandon bells.
Oh, happy is the mortal wight
If in his labor lies delight!
He readily will understand
The spirit of the Brownie band.
The task we have to-night in mind
Is work of the laborious kind.
But who could pass from side to side
Across a land with turf supplied,
And not be quick to take the spade
To give deserving people aid?
What member of the band has not
Heard tales about potato-rot,

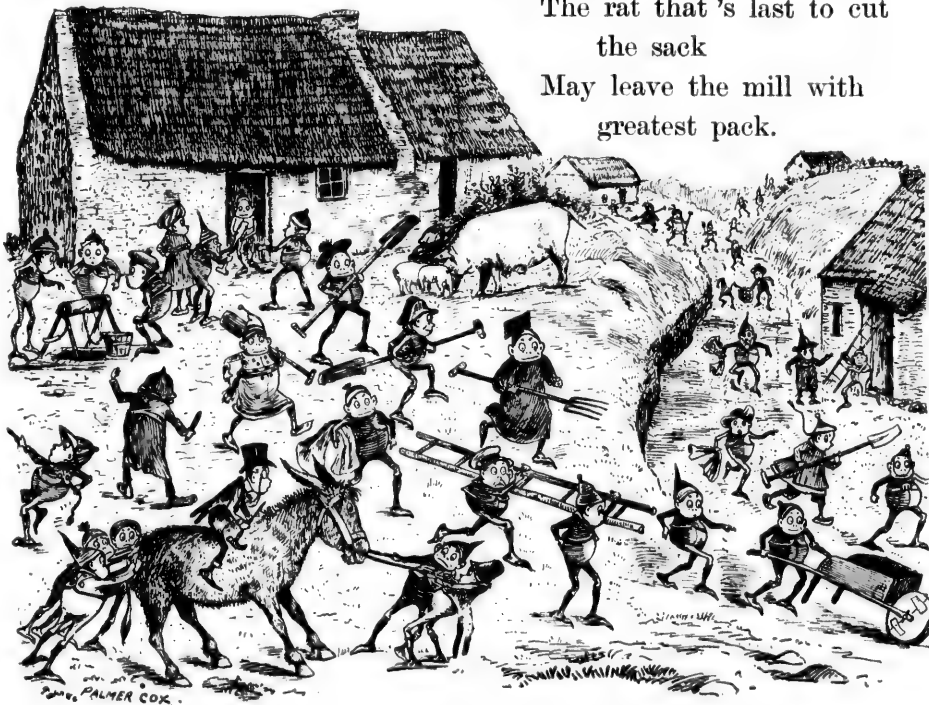


THE BROWNIES CUTTING TURF.

And rents, and taxes overdue,
That to the poor is nothing new?
I'm not a stranger to the kind
Of work that here to-night we find,
And can some hints to those impart
Who are not practised in the art.
Full many a fall the infant knows
Before upon its feet it goes;
So many a set-back one must feel
Before he proves his strength and zeal.
At starting in we're somewhat late,
But that with us has little weight;



The rat that's last to cut
the sack
May leave the mill with
greatest pack.



THE BROWNIES CUTTING TURF.



So those who late in life begin
May be the first to honor win."
Then work in earnest was the cry,
As here and there the Brownies spry
Went scattering round the neighboring land
To gather tools for work in hand.

How can we crowd in language strong
The praise that to the sprites belong?
There's not a look or word they give
But should in printed volumes live;
There's not a pose they strike or hold
But sculptors might with profit mold;
And not a lively race they start
But does invite the painter's art.



Ere long they brought without a pause
Such things as would advance their cause,

THE BROWNIES CUTTING TURF.



And each his mystic power revealed
In cutting turf around the field.
Some, eager to perform their share,
Displayed a somewhat reckless air,
But, light of heart, the danger by,
The lesson one would thus apply :
"The trials that on us descend
May prove but blessings in the end ;
The fowl that roosts on highest rail
May be most shaken by the gale,
But she 'll be farthest from the fox
Who comes to get his Christmas box ;
So, those who 've rolled in such a mire
Will not be first to catch on fire.

In fact, 't is danger keeps us wise
And on our guard against surprise.
Without it we might careless grow
And fall a prey to every foe.
The one who never felt mishap
Will be the first fruit of the trap,
While those who 're scored and scarified
By trials will move open-eyed.
The cat that leaves the hearth ablaze
Will shun it well in after days ;
The fish that felt the prick of hook
Will not be first to reach the cook ;
The fox that once lived through the dose
Will always scan his dinner close ;
And thus we learn through danger still
To sharpen wits and strengthen will.



THE BROWNIES CUTTING TURF.



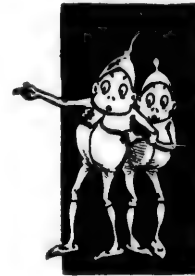
Yes, through our failings oft we spy
 Just where we need to fortify;
 No better school can nature give
 To teach one how to rightly live,
 And little hope we entertain
 For those who graduate in vain."
 A dozen donkeys small of size,
 But with a strength to wake surprise,
 The Brownies into service pressed,
 And gave the creatures little rest.
 Like bees when summer sends a thrill
 Through every sense, and every hill

THE BROWNIES CUTTING TURF.



Be ever ready
to dispatch
All business when
it riffs the latch.

And hollow tell how prompt were all
To answer to the welcome call,
With outward flight and inward dive
Each open blossom is alive;
So Brownies to their labor bent
And flew around with one intent,
To finish ere the rising sun
The task in hand, and then to run
And hide away, so none could tell
Who played their friendly part so well.
The world has not a busier crew
From Wounded Knee to Timbuctoo,
Before the mast, behind the show,
Or delving in the mine below,
Than are the Brownies when there's need
To carry through a task with speed.
But when the sun began to send
His arrows o'er the eastern end
Of Erin, and from bed and cot
The old and young commenced to trot,
The Brownies had already made
A journey to some secret shade;
But people said: "The fact is clear,
Last night the Brownie band was here."





THE BROWNIES ON THE THAMES.



one by one in order due
 The stars began to come in view,—
 First Venus blushing on her throne
 Adorned the azure chart alone;
 Next, rising in the sky afar,
 Red-handed Mars blazed o'er his car;
 Then, more emboldened at the sight,
 The lesser orbs revealed their light,—
 Such was the hour when Brownies found
 A chance to rest and look around.
 The race was long, and filled with fear,
 As it must be for those who near
 Great London, with its overflow
 Of multitudes that come and go.
 Those who would move about unseen
 In such a place must dodge, I ween,
 With many a searching look, and stop
 And turn aside or sudden drop;
 But now upon a bank they met,
 With all the members active yet,



THE BROWNIES ON THE THAMES

And free to carry out
a scheme
That had already been
their theme.
Awhile they paused to
throw an eye
Upon the stream that
hurried by,
So dark where 'neath
a bridge it passed,
And bright where on its
waves were cast
The silver rays from
Luna's face,
Who now commenced
her upward race.
Said one: "For all the
laws laid down
About a meeting in
the town
Without a permit from some head,
We 're safely here, our faces spread
With smiles, which prove no shade of fear
Can darken long a conscience clear.
This river wide which checks our pace
Has been the scene of many a race,
Where college crews their muscles strained
To prove who most was skilled or trained.
Now we, who also sport can take
Upon a stream or glassy lake,



Still walk to work
and, truth to tell,
The leech will have
to walk as well.

THE BROWNIES ON THE THAMES.



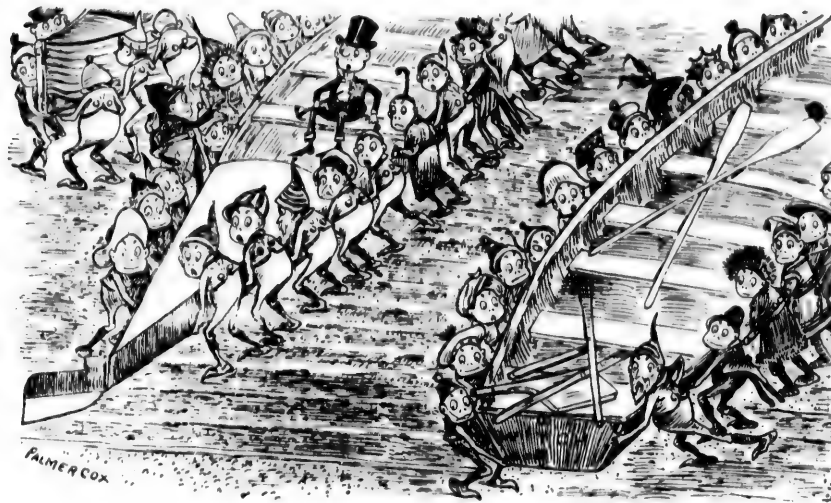
Will not be slow in getting out
A fleet of boats kept hereabout,
Of every shape and every length,
To try our skill as well as strength;
And up to Putney bridge we'll go.
To Hammersmith, if time is so
That we can make the homeward run
And leave the boats ere night is done."

The Brownies soon make up their mind
On questions of this stirring kind.

The boats were found of every size
That such a city front supplies,
Some wide enough to comfort give
To those who hoped for years to live.
And others of such narrow beam
It seemed like sitting in the stream;
But every member of the band
On something pushed away from land,
And, though it took a harder stroke
To keep abreast of other folk,
The sprites to rudest crafts assigned
Were not content to stay behind,
But splashed along and showed such speed,
At times they even took the lead.
The start was bad, and some got wet
At once, almost, through an upset,
Because too many set their heart
Upon a certain place or part,
And quite forgot the balance rule



THE BROWNIES ON THE THAMES.



That 's taught in every boatman's school ;
While others through the current here
Were carried straight against a pier
Before the oars were well in hand,
And then confusion took command ;
Then some fell out, and some fell in,
For water still its share will win
Of those who play along the shore,
Or, growing bolder, tempt it more.
Then Brownie-land had seen, no doubt,
Of brightest lives a thinning out,
Had not some members rendered aid
To friends, and their departure stayed.
But Brownies soon forget a scare,
And for a wetting little care,
So boats ere long with every crew
In place were pushing on anew.



THE BROWNIES ON THE THAMES.

To see the Brownies on the land
Engaged in enterprises grand
Must still give pleasure and impart
Delight to every cheerful heart;
But brighter does the picture show
When out upon the waves they go,



Where chilling dangers that attend
The expedition have no end.
Sometimes upon a seat they'd crowd,
With little space for each allowed,
And those upon the outer side
Were ill at ease throughout the ride.

THE BROWNIES ON THE THAMES.



But let no reader be misled,
Nor think a sad mishap or dread
Of future trouble can destroy
Beyond repair the Brownies' joy.
Said one: "We meet distress, 't is true,
And some have more than they can do
A seat upon the boat to hold;
But still, when all is done and told,
The exercise and hours of fun
Outweigh our troubles ten to one.
And who would want to leave the race
Upon the shore to take his place,

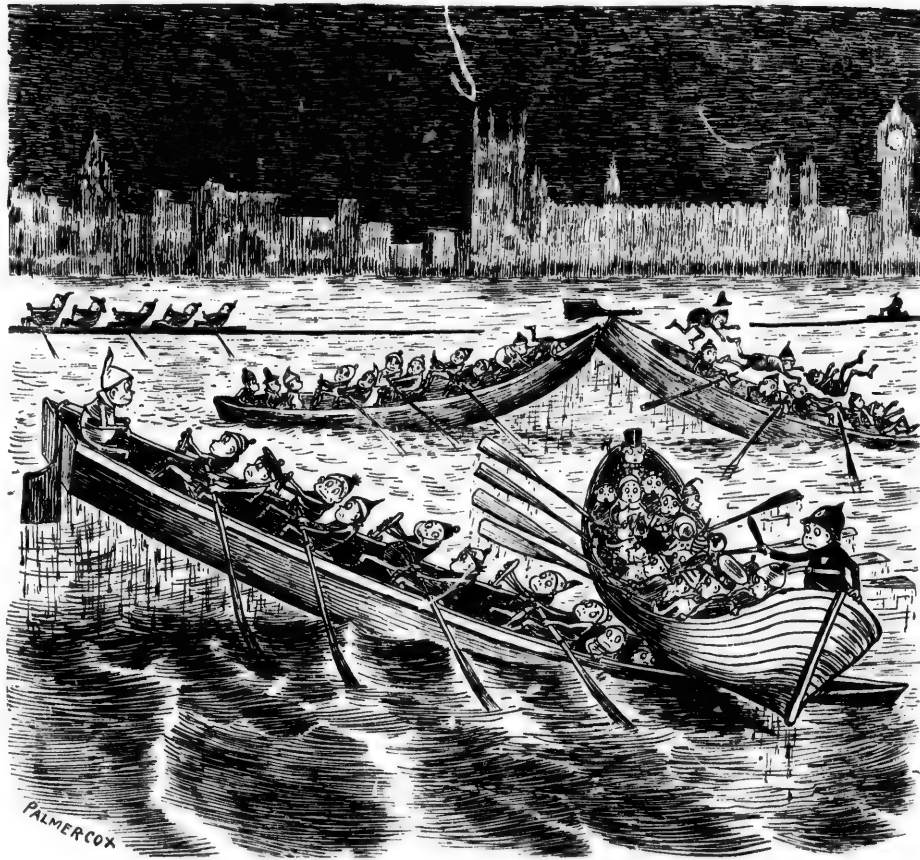
And stare with dull, lack-luster eye
Upon his comrades sweeping by?
No; rather let us stick and cling,
And hold to life by merest string,
Than have a single active sprite
Avoid the trials of the night."
At times the race was close and fine,
With bows across in even line,



And then collisions, brought about
Through some mistaken word, no doubt,
Would bring a halt to three or four
And change the course of many more.
Then blame on others would be laid
With much ado, and charges made;
For Brownies in this way, we find,
Are not unlike the human kind.
But quiet soon would settle down,
And ruddy faces lose the frown;



THE BROWNIES ON THE THAMES.



For no hard feelings long can hide
The smile which is a Brownie's pride.
The turning-point at length was made,
But not a moment there they stayed;
All rounding to the city sped,
Still straining for the place ahead.
New trouble rose while homeward bound,
When boats a strange position found.

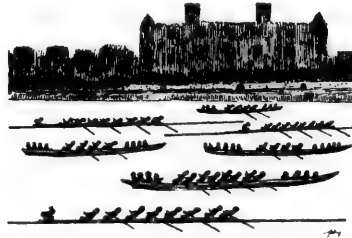
THE BROWNIES ON THE THAMES.



If virtues only
were your load
You'd travel lightly
on your road.

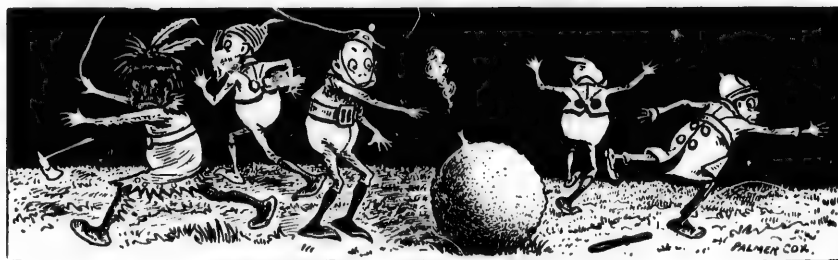
Some, lifted by a driving scow,
Were borne for rods upon the bow,
With all the oarsmen seated right,
But much disturbed in such a plight.
The sun already gave a hint
Of coming glory in the tint
That crept along the eastern sky,
As Scotland Yard they paddled by.

They saw policemen watching out
For river thieves that prowl about
To plunder boats and barges round
While honest folk are sleeping sound;
And well they knew it was no place
For them to pause or end their race,
So down the stream they held their way,
Until the wharf before them lay



From which they made the early start.
And then each Brownie did his part
In making headway for the land
With all the speed he could command.
To leave the pier, and homeward fare
To safe retreat, was next their care;
And through their mystic nature strange
They soon were out of mortal range.





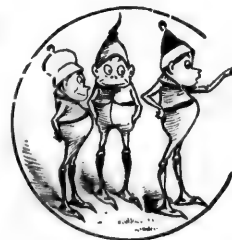
THE BROWNIES

AT WATERLOO.



HE creeping gloom of night had won
 The town abandoned by the sun.
 In quiet homes the key was turned;
 The evening fire to ashes burned;
 The clock was wound, the Book was read,
 The world was narrowed to a bed;
 When out in all their mystic might
 The Brownies came with faces bright.
 Now full before the eager band
 Stood Brussels, with its palace grand,
 Its stately halls and temples fine,
 And gardens rich with tree and vine.

Around a shaft that towered white,
 Which marked the city's central site,
 The Brownies stood with wondering eyes,
 Commenting on its grace and size.
 Said one: "No doubt this pile so great
 Was fashioned to commemorate
 The victory that brought renown
 To Wellington, and saved the town.



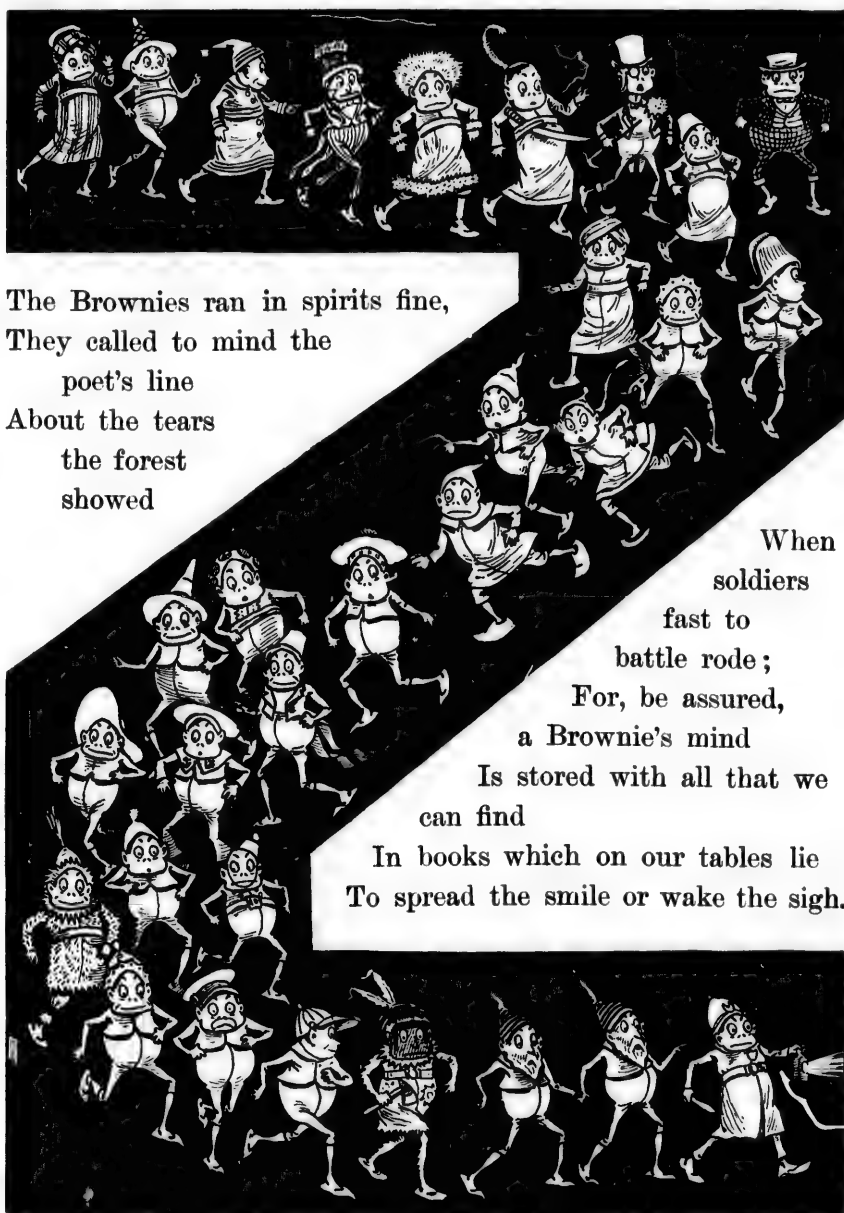
THE BROWNIES AT WATERLOO.

'T was fit that all should
 thanks bestow
On those who held aloof
 the foe."
The Brownies' spirit soon
 was shown;
For, closing round, not
 one alone,
But half the land, with
 one intent
Began to climb the
 monument.
Now, clinging with
 a mystic gift
Of strength to every ridge
 or rift,
They round and round the
 column strained
Until the top at length
 was gained.
This led to talk of
 Waterloo,
And so their interest
 wider grew,
Until a visit to
 the field
Was all that would
 enjoyment yield.



As through the wood that stood between
The city and the famous scene

THE BROWNIES AT WATERLOO.



The Brownies ran in spirits fine,
They called to mind the
poet's line
About the tears
the forest
showed

When
soldiers
fast to
battle rode ;
For, be assured,
a Brownie's mind
Is stored with all that we
can find
In books which on our tables lie
To spread the smile or wake the sigh.

THE BROWNIES AT WATERLOO.



When you want
blood shed
Send brauemen
ahead

"At last," said one, "it is our lot
To gaze upon this famous spot;
And this the thought that comes to all
Who journey here: the field, how small!
Two miles by one would fully bound
On every side the battle-ground.
But every inch of this green space
Saw foemen struggling face to face,

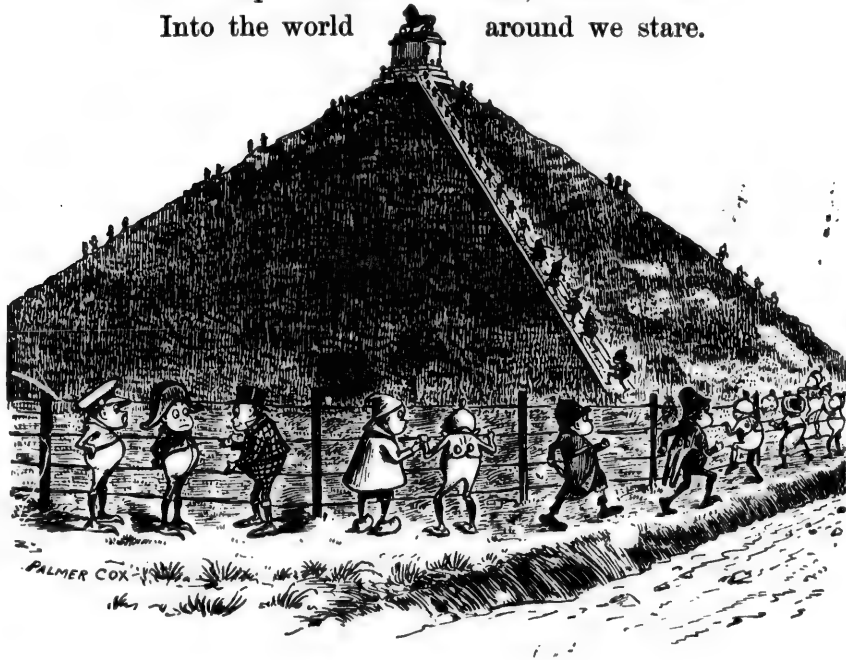


While shook the earth beneath the tread
Of charging hosts or falling dead."
Around the plain the Brownies went,
On seeing every point intent.
They picked up bones that still could show
The ball that laid the soldier low,
And were not slack a skull to spy
That missed the relic-hunter's eye,
Though generations three or four
In turn had searched those acres o'er
To find a bone, a ball, or blade
Which in the strife a part had played.



THE BROWNIES AT WATERLOO

But who can hope to have a sight
Accorded to a Brownie bright,
Or note so well the things that lie
Around them as they journey by?
That eye for mystic service planned
Has rays we may not understand
Nor hope to im-itate, howe'er
Into the world around we stare.



Said one: "My friends, this earthen mound
From which we view the field around
Was raised to mark, as I opine,
The center of the English line,
Which either side was stretched away
A mile or so in bright array.

THE BROWNIES AT WATERLOO.



Mark Hougemont upon the right,
Where all day raged the fiercest fight.
The Frenchman said: 'That acre place
Could I but hold for one short space,
In spite of British lead and lance,
It would give all the world to France.'

And La Haye Sainte an equal shot
Upon the left marks well the spot
Where stood the left wing like a rock
To bide unmoved the battle shock;
While on the ridge a mile at most
In front was ranged Napoleon's host."
The famous field they moved around
Till every vantage-point was found.
"T was here Napoleon sat like stone,"
Said one, "unmoved by shriek or groan,
And watched his troopers melt away
Around the squares the livelong day,
And saw his squadrons sink from sight,
Still rank on rank, in ghastly plight,
When like a living stream they flowed
To burial in the sunken road."



The large museum near at hand
Had much to interest the band:
Old weapons long since out of date;
The crooked sword and pistol great;
The flint-lock musket, rusted through;
The bayonet twisted like a screw;
With coats and hats of wondrous spread
As ever graced a soldier's head,

THE BROWNIES AT WATERLOO.



And caps worn by the grenadiers
That towered high above their ears,
And spurs that from the boots were torn
While in the tide of battle borne.
All these, with buckle, belt, and braid,
An interesting study made.
To dress themselves without delay
In such strange garb as round them lay
Was now the thought that came to all,
And there within that silent hall
The band soon represented well
The hosts that in the struggle fell.
The Brownies soon took from the nail
The Frenchmen's battered coats of mail.
And hats with plumes that still revealed
The blood they carried from the field,



Let no grief,
however great,
weigh too long
upon the pale.

THE BROWNIES AT WATERLOO.



And into coats and boots and all
The outfit soon commenced to crawl.
Some slipped a cuirass on with ease
That hid the rascals to the knees;
And more in coats of blue and white,
With hairy caps and cockades bright,
Soon called to mind the guard so true
Who died, but no surrender knew;
While clothes in which the British fought
And troops that Blücher timely brought
Were seen to move about as when
The field was filled with fighting men.
Now from the hooks and pegs about
The saddles and the bridles stout
Were taken down, and firm and fast
To horses were attached at last;
Then, mounting, some rode left and right,
Like leaders in the doubtful fight;
Some shouldered muskets; others drew
A lengthy saber; and a few
Took pistols that you may depend
Were dangerous at either end.
They formed in squares across the field,
They charged amain, or quickly wheeled
In illustration of the fray
That marked the spot that fearful day.
But while their fun was at its height
A thunder-storm disturbed the night,
And frightened horses, old enough
To have more sense in weather rough.



THE BROWNIES AT WATERLOO.



With crash on crash, and blinding flame,
No head was safe, no steed was tame ;

THE BROWNIES AT WATERLOO.

Hussar, dragoon, and cuirassier,
Artilleryman and carbineer,
Were into wild confusion cast
That lasted till the storm had passed.
Some chargers, none too sure at best
Upon their feet, gave little rest



To those whose fortune was the back
Of such a stumbling, crazy hack.
Across the slope, where dashed the Grays
And heavy troopers to amaze
Napoleon and his legions true,
A medley wild the Brownies flew,
And well it was that years ago
The famous road was leveled low
That was to Frenchmen such a snare,
Or many would have perished there;
But, freely using mystic power,
They vanished at the morning hour.





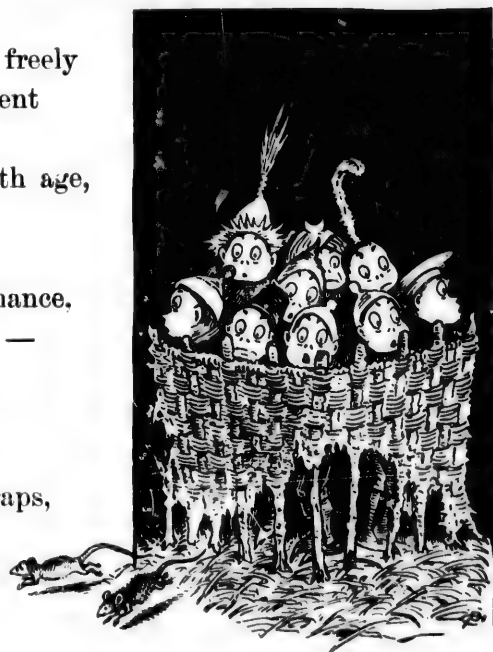
THE BROWNIES ON THE STAGE.

(FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.)



WEEK before the time
of Lent,
When people freely
money spent

To witness favorites on the stage
Whose powers seemed to grow with age,
Till houses, crowded to the roof,
Displayed the "S. R. O." as proof,
The Brownies, through a happy chance,
Of such a place obtained a glance —
Not outward only, as you might
Suppose, but got an inward sight
Of all the doings and the traps,
The feathered hats and showy wraps,
The weapons, and the banners
bright,
Through which performers
gave delight.



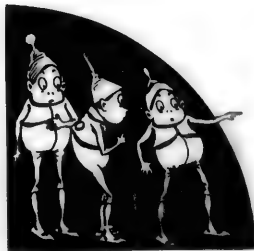
THE BROWNIES ON THE STAGE

This was enough to quickly start
A wish to burn in every heart
That they upon those boards might play
Their parts when folk had gone away.
How quiet, then, the Brownies kept
Until the people homeward stepped!
Concealed in places which, I ween,
Would scarce the smallest mortal screen,
They passed the time, still peeping out
And taking notes of all about:
How actors strode, and hemmed and hawed;
How weaker souls were overawed,
And melted till the tears, well feigned,
Upon the stage in torrents rained.
Said one: "We won't have far to go
To dress ourselves; in rooms below
Are willow baskets that can be
Attended to without a key.
Indeed, I scarce can calmly rest
Till rogues are foiled, and virtue blessed."

At length, when people crowded out,
Discussing many points about
The great performance, and the ease
With which a gifted few can please,
The Brownies, almost in the shade
Of those who all the parts had played,
Came swarming in to overhaul
The willow baskets, trunks, and all.
Said one: "We 'll find convenient laid
All kinds of costumes nicely made:



Be wise and calmly
urge your
plea;
Let maniacs
out roar the
sea.



THE BROWNIES ON THE STAGE.



The old man's wig and
shining pate;
The warrior's suit of mail
and plate;
The robes complete to make
a king,
A queen, a prelate, or
a thing
They call a demon, red
as fire,
With horns and tail would suit
a liar.
From our position I could spy
The way the make-up to apply;

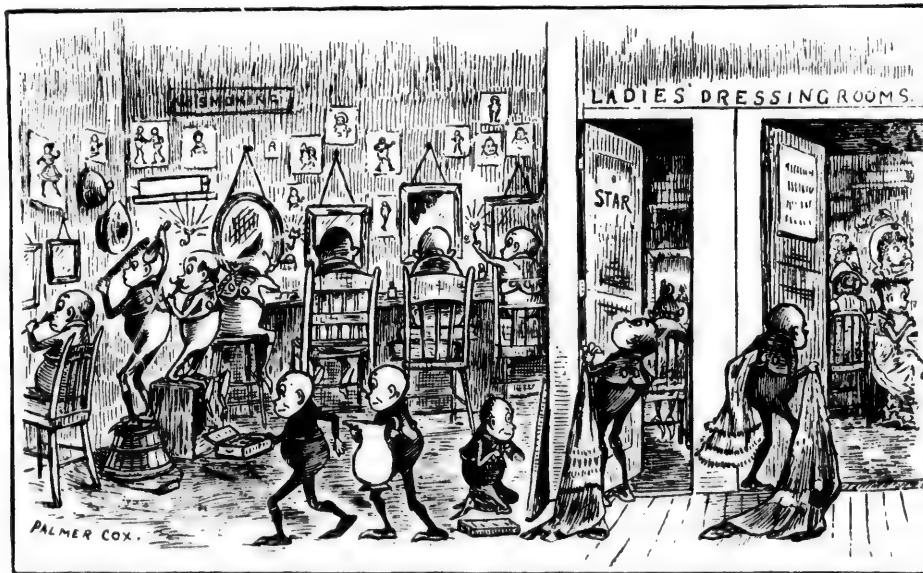
The rouge on cheeks, the penciled brow,
The cherry lips, and powdered pow
Are things that meet one at the start
Who tries the histrionic art.
They change to age the youthful face,
And to the wrinkled lend a grace
Befitting people in their teens,
Till one must live behind the scenes
To rightly understand the care
That 's given to deception there.
To be painstaking in your cause
Has much to do with the applause."
Why should the reader's mind still bear
On keys or other ironware,
When known it is that Brownies wield
A power to which all locks must yield?



THE BROWNIES ON THE STAGE.



When these wee folk in strength descend,
The bolts fly back, the hinges bend,
And thus no long delay e'er tries
Their temper, which unruffled lies.
Soon plans of action were outlined,
And parts to every one assigned.
Some little discontent was shown
When costumes for the clown were thrown
To one who thought he best could shine
If acting as a learned divine
Or prelate who could brave a king
And on his head the curses fling.



Said one: "No play conceived by men,
Or patched up by adapter's pen.

THE BROWNIES ON THE STAGE.



Has got a cast that gives a sprite
A chance to show his talents right.
Then let us take from different plays
The parts wherein we'll merit praise,
And wedge the logic, love, or wit
In places where it seems to fit.
Let those who're feminine in way
The rôle of wife or maid essay;
Those who can shed the tear at will
And, seeming conquered, conquer still;
While those who want to rule the rest,
Betray the strong, the weak molest,
And terrorize both young and old,
Can play the king or robber bold."
Then, without any written rules
Or lesson from the acting schools,
They mingled freely on the stage
As characters from every age.



Although your words
may welcome be,
Make use of only
one in three



'T was strange to see old Egypt's queen,
Macbeth, and Trilby in one scene.
But what cared they for day or date,
Or mixing early scenes with late?
'T was fine to stalk like Banquo's ghost;
Like bulky Falstaff drink and boast;
Like Hamlet leap into the grave;
Like black Othello foam and rave;
As Percy fight; as Richard cry,
"My kingdom for a horse!" and die.
The make-up was applied so well
Not one his dearest friend could tell.

THE BROWNIES ON THE STAGE.

As greatest actors sometimes rage,
And in a frenzy clear the stage,

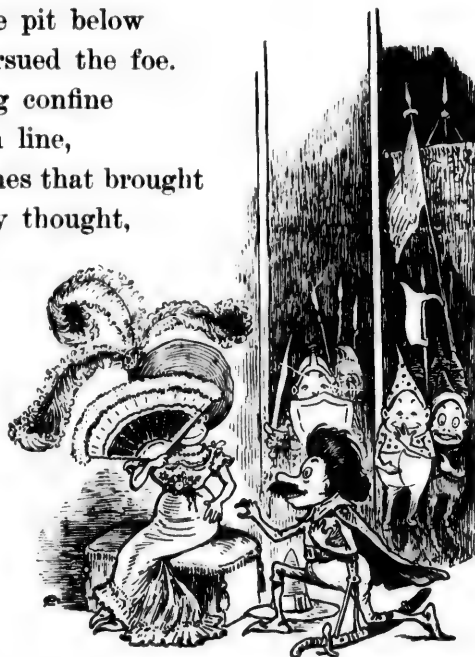


Lose all control, and fill with fear
The poor support that trembles near,
Some played their part so true to life
They lost their senses in the strife,

THE BROWNIES ON THE STAGE.

And three times round the pit below
With desperate strokes pursued the foe.
The Brownies did not long confine
Their acting to one certain line,
But turned from tragic scenes that brought
The rolling eye and bloody thought,
In milder-mannered parts

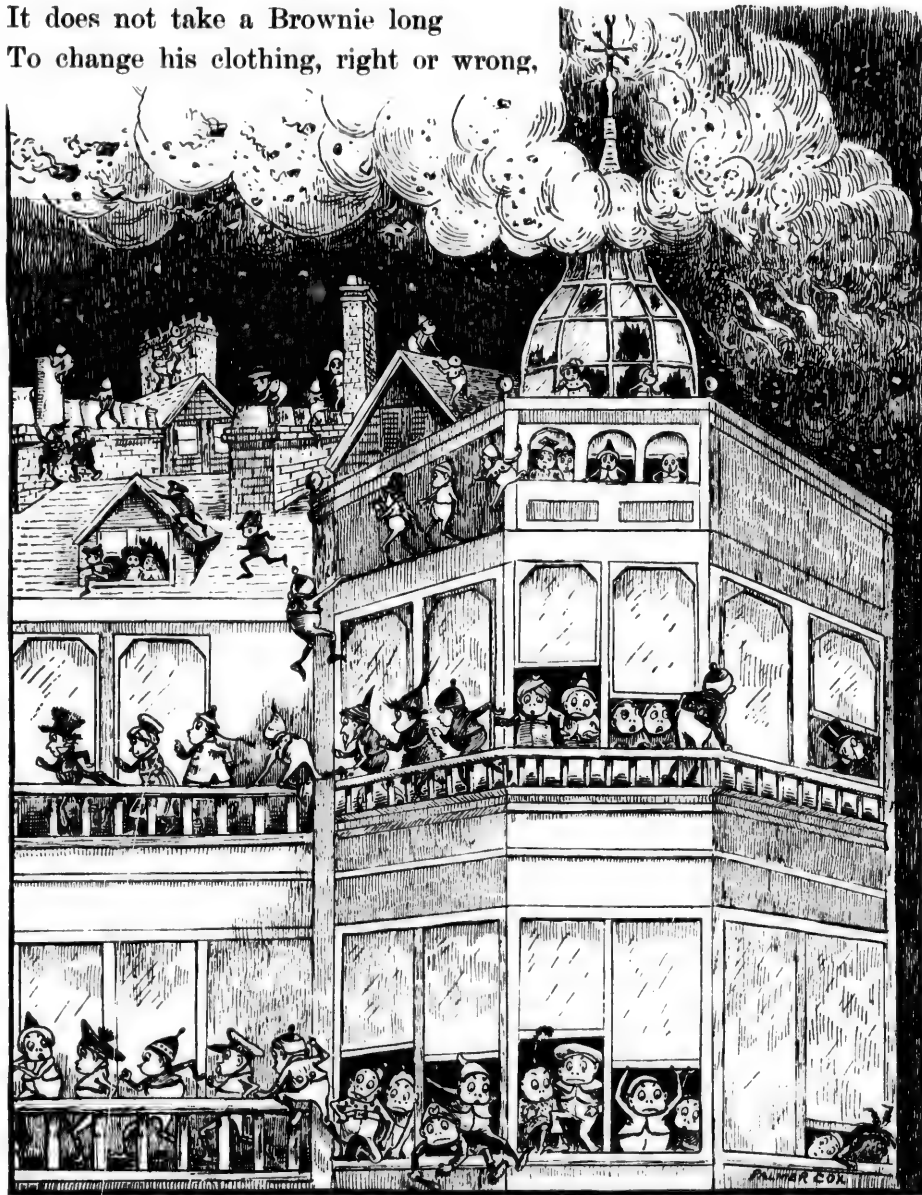
to please,
And played the lover
on his knees.
How strange it was
a spark should fly
From some one's chimney
smoking nigh,
And while their fun
was at its best,
Lodge in a tiny
sparrow's nest,
And start a blaze to spring and spread
Till half the town was out of bed!



Although well-nigh a block away,
'T was near enough to spoil the play.
Because, perchance, the men would haul
The hose through dressing-room and all,
And bring distress upon the band
If they were hiding near at hand.
Then into wicker basket flew
The gabardine of grasping Jew,
The royal robes, the cap of clown,
The soldier's coat, and prelate's gown

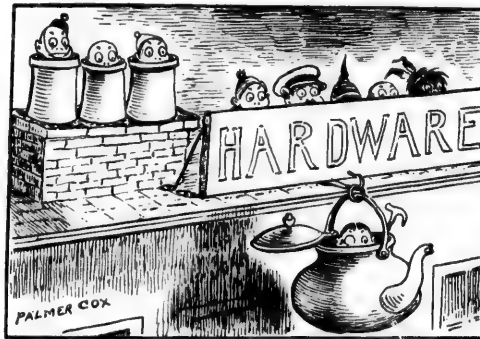
THE BROWNIES ON THE STAGE.

It does not take a Brownie long
To change his clothing, right or wrong,



THE BROWNIES ON THE STAGE.

And for the air to make a break,
With liberty and life at stake.
Up went the windows, weights or not;
Out went the glass, now growing hot;
And from the building king and thief,
The bishop, queen, and robber chief,
The lover, maid, and serving-man
In wild confusion broke and ran;
Some by the windows and the door,
Some by the waterspout, and more
Through skylights gained the roof and fled,
With flames behind them flashing red.
In chimneys some were forced to hide,
While signs for others did provide
A screen until a time came round
When they could safely reach the ground.

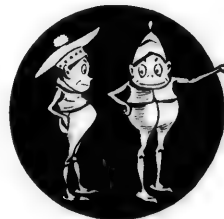




THE BROWNIES AT THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.



HE sun had left the west in pink,
 And stars began to pass the wink;
 Old Neptune turned a watery eye
 On lovely Venus bathing nigh;
 Then all the lesser lights grew red,
 Till heaven seemed one carnation-bed;
 And with the change the Brownie band
 Began to stir for sport in hand.
 Said one: "My friends, we 're early met,
 Which proves us keen for action yet;
 Killarney's lakes, from end to end,
 To-night in boats we must descend;
 But first we have to gain the height
 That overlooks their waters bright;
 We 'll have to take the mountain road,
 Where wheels turn not beneath a load;
 And those who would to heights proceed
 Must either walk or mount the steed."
 The Serpent Lake they clambered past,
 And glances o'er its surface cast.



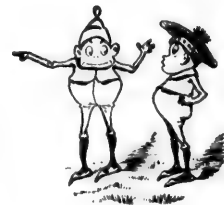
THE BROWNIES AT THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

Said one: "We well might pause and stare
Upon the darksome water there;
For here before St. Patrick's rod
The last snake slid from Erin's sod.



Belated peasants pass
the place
With furtive looks and
quicken'd pace,
And bless the saint long
since at rest
Who rid the country of
the pest.
Well may they tell their
beads in prayer,
And climb in haste the
rocky stair,
For, rumor tells us,
once a year,

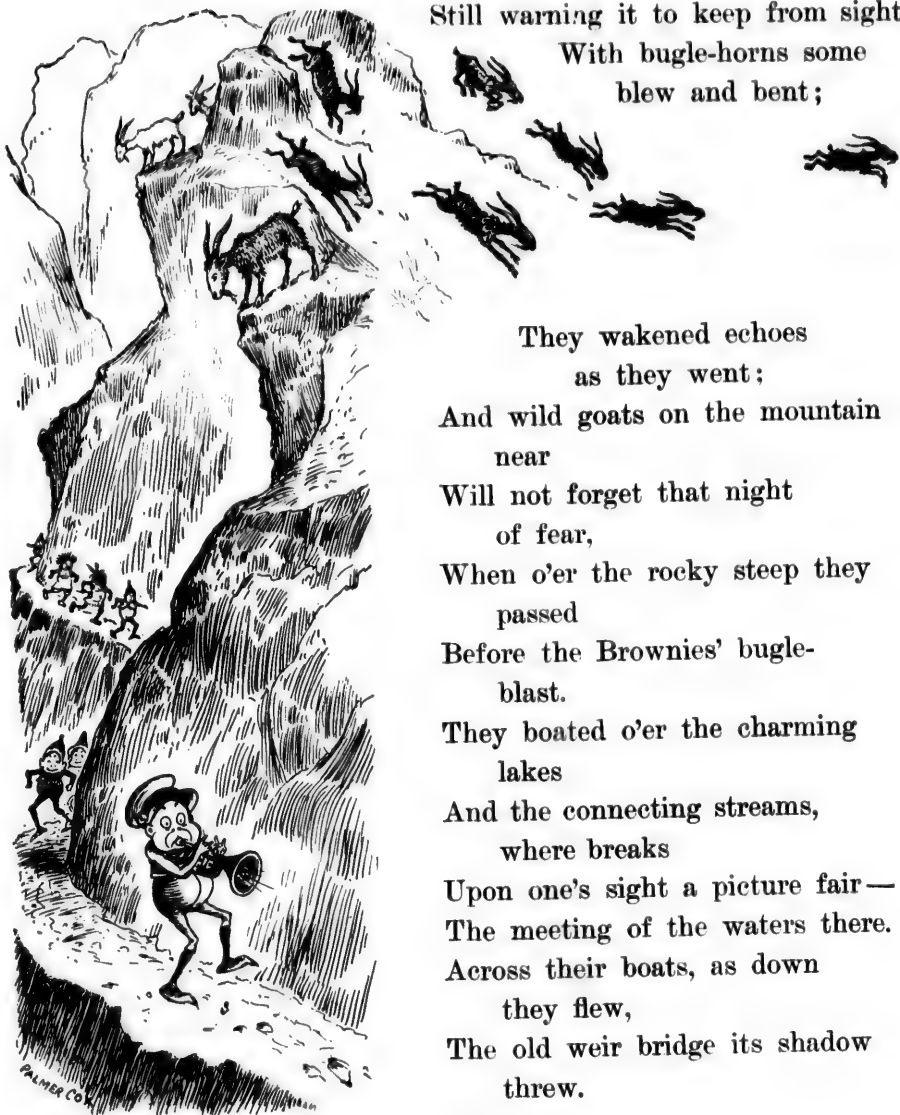
When mists lie low across the mere,
When sunlight dies upon the peaks
That form MacGillicuddy's Reeks,
And neither shout nor horn of guide
Is heard upon the mountain-side,
Up from the depths will slowly rise
A serpent's head of monster size,
That turns a keen, inquiring eye
Upon the shore and pathway nigh;
Then with a hiss to lift the hair,
And splash that sends the spray in air,
It pops below the wave again,



THE BROWNIES AT THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

As if with more than mortal ken
It saw St. Patrick's crozier bright

Still warning it to keep from sight."
With bugle-horns some
blew and bent;



They wakened echoes
as they went;
And wild goats on the mountain
near
Will not forget that night
of fear,
When o'er the rocky steep they
passed
Before the Brownies' bugle-
blast.
They boated o'er the charming
lakes
And the connecting streams,
where breaks
Upon one's sight a picture fair—
The meeting of the waters there.
Across their boats, as down
they flew,
The old weir bridge its shadow
threw.

THE BROWNIES AT THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

Said one, as he the structure scanned :
"How well this ancient bridge was planned!
The oldest on the isle, 't is said,
For Danish hands the mortar spread.



And sprung the arch
so strong and true
That looks to-night
as good as new."
Next islands green their
gaze would hold,
And ruined walls of
castles old,
That took the mind back
to the day

When brave Boru held regal sway,
Or when MacCarthy, Munster's king,
Did o'er the quarter scepter swing.

Where ivy-grown Ross Castle stands,
Or what escaped the battering bands
That brought to dust the towers and halls
When Cromwell stood before its walls,
The Brownies paused to moralize
And gaze around with wondering eyes.
The natural inclination strong
Soon took possession of the throng,
And up the broken walls they went,
On viewing all the place intent.
But mortar cannot always last,
Nor serve to hold the granite fast :



Are you careful
of your peff ?
None will guard it
like yourself.

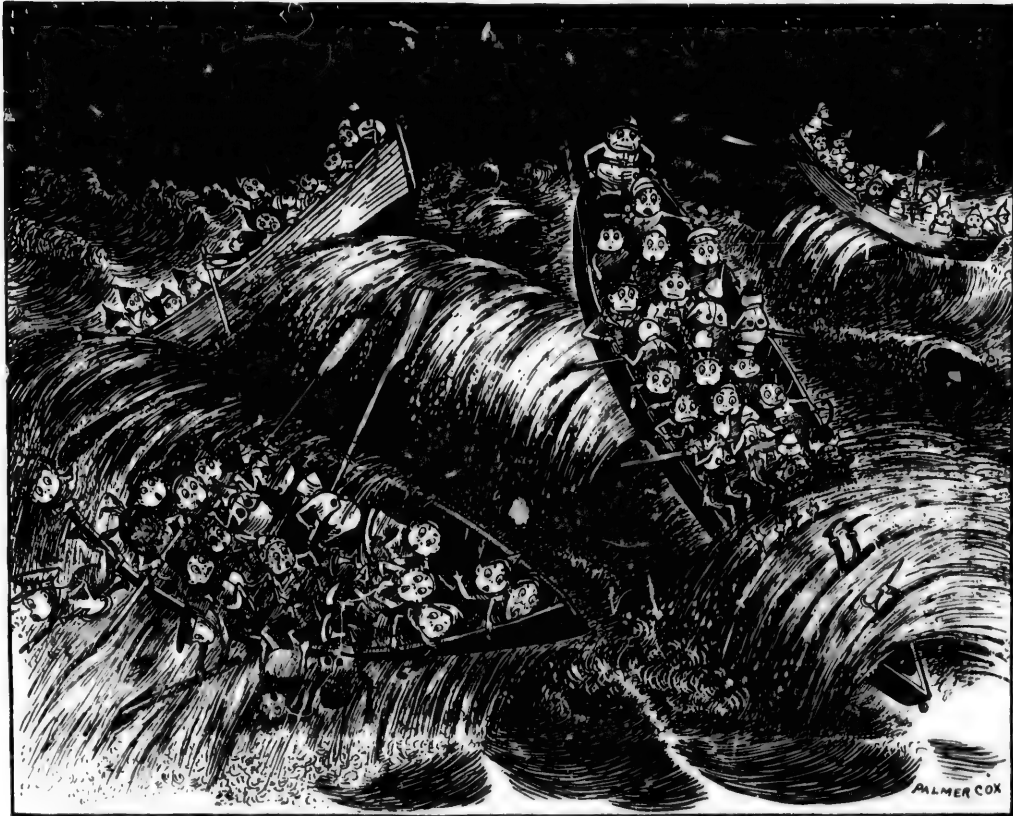
THE BROWNIES AT THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.



And in their eagerness to scan
Each crumbling tower and barbican
They ran some risk, as may be guessed,
And paid the penalty assessed.
The bog below convenient lay,
And bones, no doubt, are whole to-day
That would have been to service dead
If they had found a harder bed.
'T was strange that water known so well
For glassy surface, void of swell,

THE BROWNIES AT THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

Should chance to cut up shins that night,
And graft distress upon delight.



Across the lake of largest spread
A strong, disturbing current sped;
And for a time the ocean wide
No wilder scene could have supplied.
For waves were pitched into the boats
That stopped the bugler's merry notes

THE BROWNIES AT THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.



And drenched the oarsmen to the skin
Ere they a sheltering point could win.
Where roofless Muckross Abbey peeps
Through ancient yews, and guard still keeps
O'er crumbling tombs, moss-grown and gray,
Whose names time's hand has brushed away,
The Brownies next came to a halt
To view with care each room and vault.
With caution here they moved around.
Their ears were quick to catch a sound,
And noises, howsoever small,
Soon checked the forward step of all.
From first to last along the line,
Alarm in every eye would shine,
And every lifted foot would pause
Until they understood the cause.



Among old tombs is not the most
Unlikely place to meet a ghost,
And even though a thousand years
Had passed away with hopes and fears
Since these good souls were laid at rest
With bell and burial of the best,

THE BROWNIES AT THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

The Brownie lads were well aware
Their spooks might still be wandering there:
But they grew brave and firm of pace
When more familiar with the place.
Said one: "T is sweet to view a mead
Made famous through some glorious deed,



And sweet to muse where pious men
Preserved the faith, when like a den
Of lions roared the factions strong
Who racked the country, right or wrong."
As tourists oft appropriate
Some bits of mortar, stone, or slate,
As rude memorials to retain
In other lands beyond the main,
So Brownies were not slow to bear
Away some fragments gathered there.
Some pulled the ivy from the wall;
Some took the gate-post, hinge and all:

THE BROWNIES AT THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

While more took heads and broken wings
Of cherubs, saints, and other things
They gathered in and out the place
Ere they commenced their homeward race.

But no one touched the cloister yew;
The superstition well they knew:
Who plucks a leaf from that old tree
Within the year shall buried be.
A guard about the tree was placed,
And round and round the trunk they raced
To caution those who near it strayed,
And even kept them from its shade.

Some bottles found to serve their need,
And filled them to the neck with speed
With water from the crystal lake —
A precious souvenir to make
That would some honored station find
And keep Killarney in their mind.



If you would build
a lasting home,
Push far above
the stars your
dome.



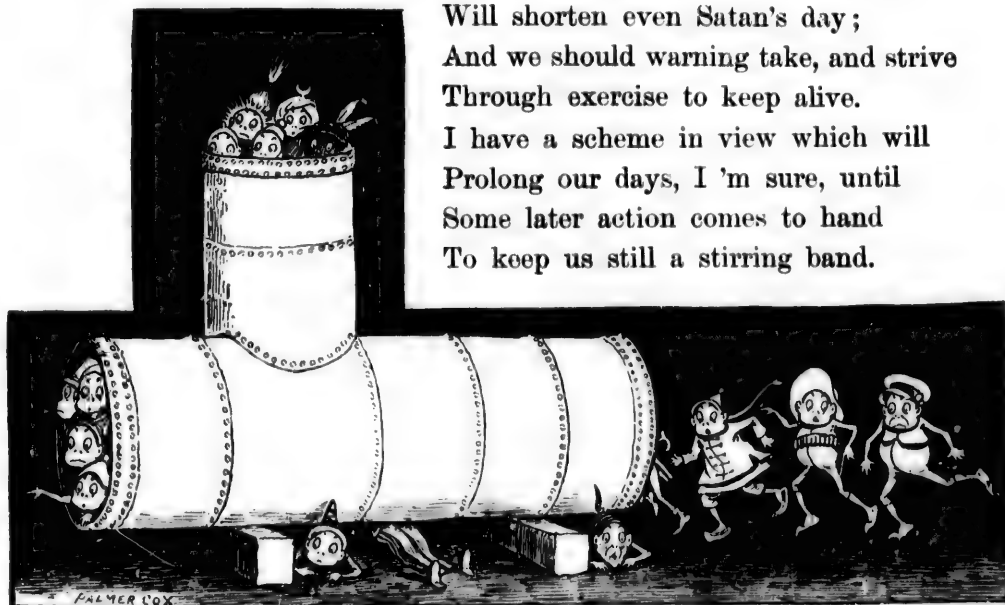


THE BROWNIES AT GOLF.



waking stars looked from the sky
On weary man, or turned an eye
To neighbors wheeling on through space,
The Brownies reached their meeting-place.

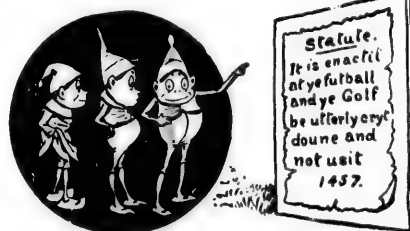
Said one: "Inaction, as they say,
Will shorten even Satan's day;
And we should warning take, and strive
Through exercise to keep alive.
I have a scheme in view which will
Prolong our days, I'm sure, until
Some later action comes to hand
To keep us still a stirring band.



THE BROWNIES AT GOLF.

To-night we 're near an ancient green
Or royal park that oft has seen
The games of Scotland carried out
By sturdy clansmen tall and stout.
The bare-legged sons of Scotia there
Have tossed the caber high in air,
And strained the muscle and the bone
To put the heavy shoulder-stone."

Another said: "Then let us aim
To play at once a Scottish game;
Upon the ground of which you tell
The game of golf will suit us well.
The sportsmen played it, as we know,
At least four hundred years ago.
The quaint old statutes still on file
Against the sport would make you smile."



Ask not where they obtained supplies
To aid them in their enterprise;
But ask the people by the way,
Who found the marks of use next day,

And wondered who had made
so free
With things kept under lock
and key.
All kinds of clubs they had
in hand:
The driver and the brassie grand
For cutting weeds that intervene
And hide the ball that should
be clean;



THE BROWNIES AT GOLF.

The iron, niblick, and the cleik,
Which players value when they seek
To putt the ball, when "cupped" at rest,
And start it rudely from its nest.
The putter too, so short and strong,
To send the ball a distance long,
With heavy strokes the hole to get
On which the mind is duly set.



Near Stirling town, with little loss
Of time, the links were marked across
The famous green and neighboring land
To give full scope to all the band.

THE BROWNIES AT GOLF.



Some practised at the easy swing
 That players to their service bring
 When every muscle in the frame
 Contributes to the graceful game;
 And more without a swing at all
 Attacked at once the passive ball.
 Some had the rules, and oft their cries
 Would settle questions that would rise.
 No partners in the game were known;
 Each Brownie played for self alone.
 No handicapping was allowed,
 For every Brownie was too proud
 To claim a favor on the plea
 That he was lacking one degree.

THE BROWNIES AT GOLF.

New ground was claimed in field and grove
As still the players onward drove;
The balls were driven from the tee
Across the garden and the lea;
Around the country still they spread
Till those who marked the links ahead
Sufficient time could hardly find
To suit the players close behind.



The game went on o'er vale and hill,
Across a glebe, around a mill,

THE BROWNIES AT GOLF.



Then in and out the other side,
And through a flume that force supplied.
Around the field of Bannockburn
The Brownies took a double turn.
The famous stone scarce drew an eye,
As at their game they hurried by,
Where Bruce set firm his banner bright
And bravely dared King Edward's might.

The winding Forth was not a bar,
Because the balls were lofted far
Above the hazard deep and wide,
And led the game across the tide,
Where Wallace made his noble stand
And swept the bridge with awful brand,
Until the southern foe withdrew;
The game was carried on anew,
Until it seemed ere one could win
All Scotland would be taken in.



THE BROWNIES AT GOLF.



Still keep an eye
to peep
On those who promise
most

To Abbey Craig their steps they bent,
Around Sir William's monument;
Around King James's tomb, as well,
The sound of Brownie voices fell.
The lofting strokes, the "far and sure,"
Went on o'er Cambus-Kenneth moor,
The caddies puffing on behind
With useful clubs of every kind.
The leading principle of all,
To keep the eyes upon the ball,
Was well observed on hill and plain
By those who seldom look in vain.
How far they would have carried play,
Had time allowed, 't is hard to say;
But on the distant mountain range
Their practised eye observed a change;
The rays that brightened every crest
Would soon upon the heather rest,
So with the early hints of sun
The Brownies' game of golf was done.





THE BROWNIES

AT CHESTER.



objects indistinct and gray
 Grew fainter with the dying day,
 Until the creatures made to bask
 In sunshine quit their sport or task,

And out with sharp, nocturnal sight
 Came all the rangers of the night,
 The Brownies, who had kept apart
 From busy men in field or mart,
 Now ventured from their safe retreat
 And took the road with willing feet.
 Where ancient Chester rises high
 Above the Dee that ripples by,
 They promptly paused to rest awhile
 Or ramble round in Brownie style.
 Said one: "The bridge on which we stand
 For centuries this stream has spanned.
 In ages past full oft it knew
 The clattering hoof and clouted shoe,
 When hosts marched on with bows and bills
 To drag the Welshmen from their hills.





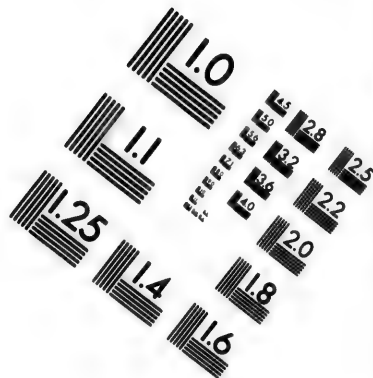
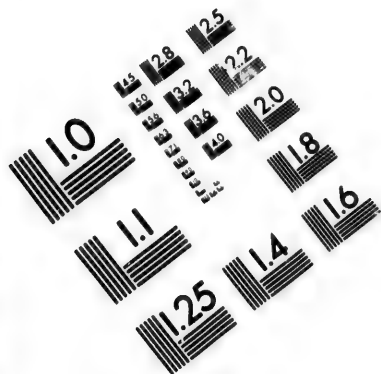
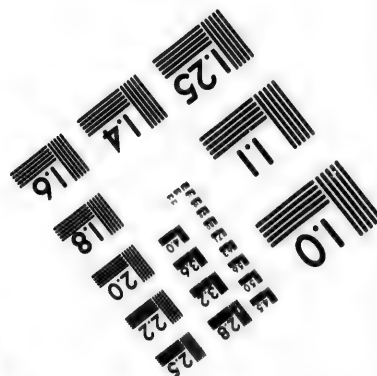
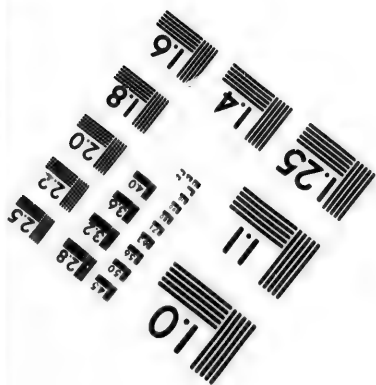
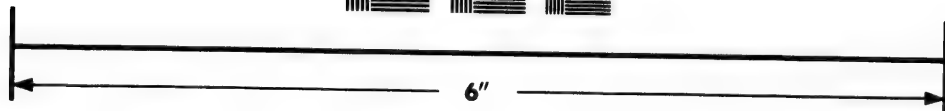
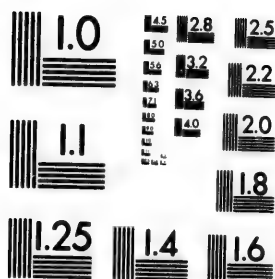


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THE BROWNIES AT CHESTER.



But Taffy was not
there alone
To gnaw the stolen
marrow-bone,
But many a leek-fed
lad besides,
Who battles well,
and better hides,
And often kings,
despite their pack
Of knights, came
empty-handed back."

Another said: "The wall of stone
That girds the city like a zone
Speaks of the time when on this crest
The Roman legions found a rest.
Some say that John, the scoundrel king,
One night within this sandstone ring,
When marching on amid his host
To bring his foes to block and post,
Made rather free with new-brewed ale
And peaches from the neighboring vale,

And in the morn was posted down
To fill a tomb in London town."
Another said: "You 're wrong, my friend;
Not here he found a timely end,
But at old Newark, as I 've read,
While from the Wash he quickly sped,
Depressed by losses on the beach,
The subtle ale and blushing peach



THE BROWNIES AT CHESTER.

Got in their work, and freed from care
A king the country well could spare.
But, fact or fable, this we know :
Still shining down the years
will go

A warning which the
Brownie kind
No less than man should
bear in mind."

Then, moving at
a rapid rate,
They reached the Fore
or Southern Gate,
And with the deepening
shade grew bold
And entered in the
city old.

They stood awhile the
house before
That on it an inscription
bore

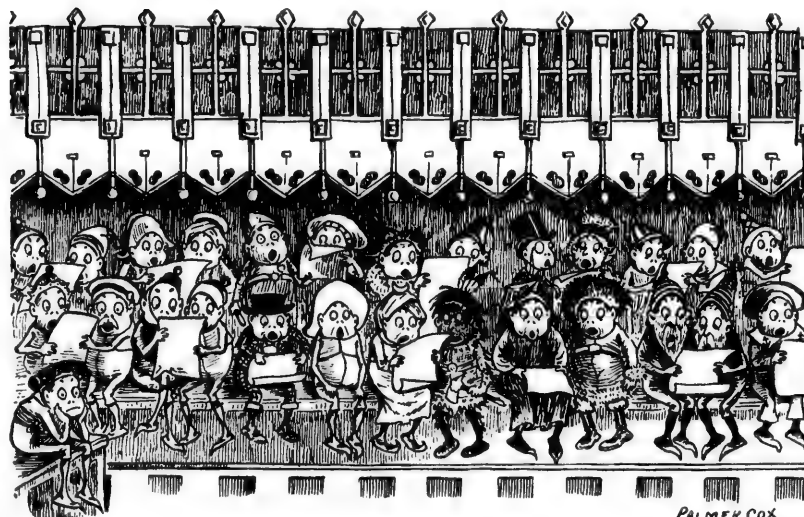
Which told that when
the plague so dread

Had filled each street and lane with dead,
This house alone in all the town
Escaped the stern Almighty frown.
Much came to view within that wall
On which the Brownies well might call.
The baths, where Romans felt the scrubs
Of brush and sponge in marble tubs,



THE BROWNIES AT CHESTER.

Or lay and dried their traveled bones,
In drowsy mood, on heated stones.
The Brownies viewed the plot of ground
Which legions often gathered round
To see the races or exploits
Of those who fought or pitched the quoits.



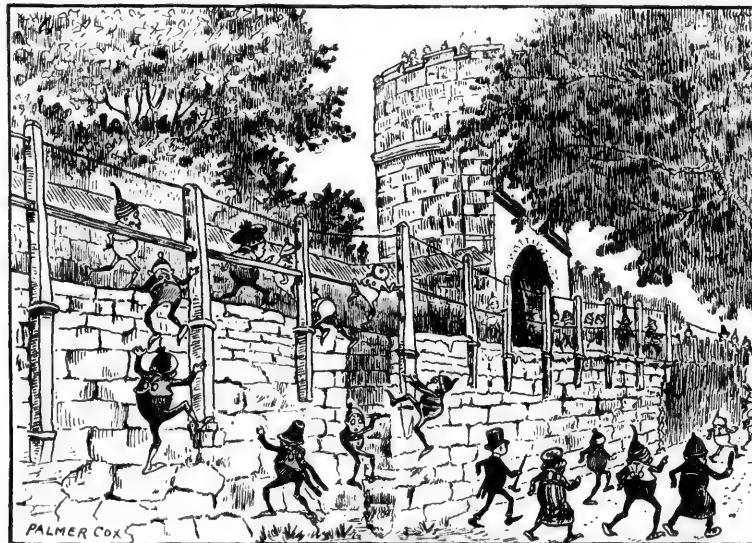
Ere parlor lights had ceased to burn
The old cathedral in its turn
Received attention from the band,
Who were not satisfied to stand
And view the structure from without,
But climbed around it, in and out.
The organ loft received its share;
And while they perched so high in air,
Uniting in a hymn of praise,
They seemed the very roof to raise.

THE BROWNIES AT CHESTER.

Through choir and nave they rolled along
The burden of the sacred song.
The cloister roof, the chancel-stone,
And transept aisle gave back the tone,
Till crypt and dome took up the strain
That made the building ring again.
The bishop's throne they counted not
Too sacred nor too rich a spot
For Brownie limbs to rest awhile;
So there they sat to chat and smile,
And closely scan the stones and wood
That nigh a thousand years have stood.



Be early on the
narrow way.
Avoid the rush at
close of day.



The water-gate their footsteps knew;
The Goblin Tower attention drew,

THE BROWNIES AT CHESTER.

And roused conjecture and debate
About its purpose and its state.
The Stanley Palace, Eaton Hall,
And Warren Castle had a call.



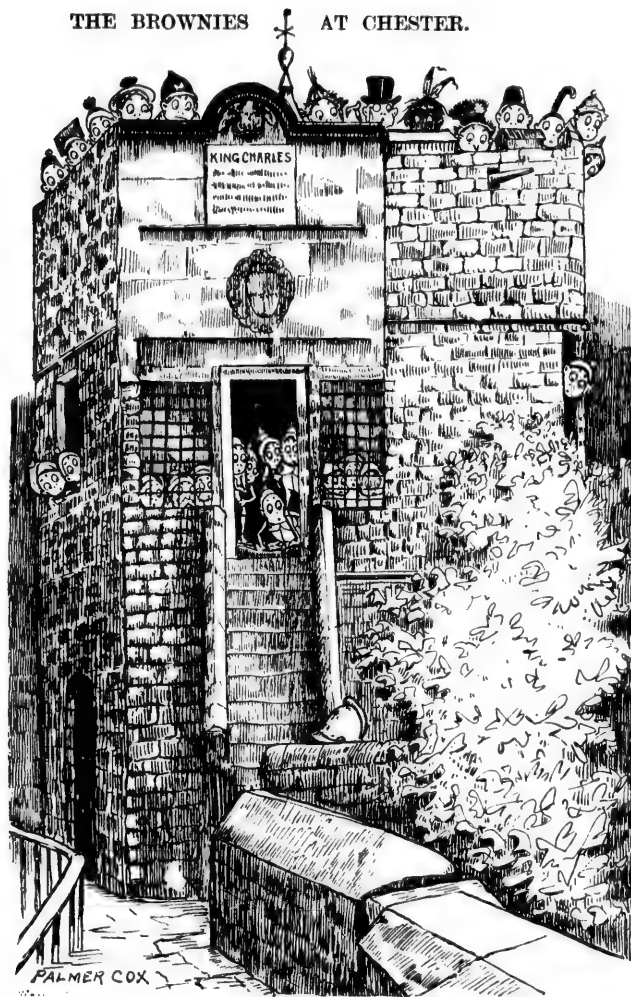
The latter proved a striking pile
That held them for a little while.
From hedge below to donjon-keep
They soon made bold to climb and creep,
Till more they knew about the place
Than any of the Warren race.
They circled round the city wide,
Some on the wall and more inside.

At length the tallest tower was gained,
And to the top the Brownies strained;
For from that height King Charles beheld
His army routed and expelled
From Rowton Moor; and with it fled
The hope that to the conflict led.
So long they stayed, the morning ray
Began to streak the east with gray;
And moving in his weary round
A watchman chanced to reach the ground;
And bad it was for Brownie plot
That halt he should upon the spot,
And, worst of all, a seat should take
Upon the steps, some notes to make.
They were denied the only stair,
With not a moment's time to spare
Before the sun all flaring red
Would send its shafts at every head.



Don't complain if
trials call.
Every apple has
its fall.

THE BROWNIES AT CHESTER.



To be thus caged, with morning near,
 Might well awaken greatest fear.
 The Brownies had no choice but throw
 Their chances on a jump below,
 Or wait until the watchman's back
 Would turn and leave an open track.

THE BROWNIES AT CHESTER.



And still the precious moments sped;
Each eye was popping from the head.
But ere he moved upon his way
Still nigher spread the hints of day;
And when at length the coast was clear,
They counted every second dear,
By happy chance an early flock
Of goats were grazing on a rock.

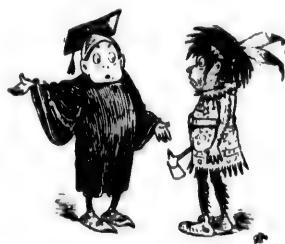
THE BROWNIES AT CHESTER.

On these they settled down like flies,
And caused confusion and surprise.
The frenzied creatures, made aware
Of this addition to their care,
Ere they had time to study o'er
The nature of the load they bore,
Were very quickly up in air
And off, it mattered little where.
Fresh from the mountain grass of Wales,
They tossed their beards and shook their tails,
And started for the wildest moor
The neighboring country could insure.
The faster they flew o'er the land,
The better suited was the band,
As nowhere near the town had they
The least desire to longer stay;
For as they fled the sun uprolled
And turned the Chester spires to gold.



Keep peace of mind
a quest of mine
And laugh at wealth
of Klondike mine.





THE BROWNIES

AT GLEN-DA-LOUGH.



NE evening, while on Erin's isle,
The Brownies gathered, rank and file:
Policeman, sailor, soldier, all
Were there in answer to the call.

But not upon that hill to stay
The Brownies met in full array;
It was a starting-point to mark
A lively race at early :
To Glen-da-lough, a neighboring town,
Which long ago won great renown;
For there St. Kevin, pious soul,
Taught long the school of self-control,
Kept many a vow and many a fast,
But in the heat of passion cast
A heart away as pure and light
As ever made a cottage bright.
They had to run ere they could make
The margin of that darksome lake,
Where seidom falls a sunny ray,
And larks withhold their morning lay.



THE BROWNIES AT GLEN-DA-LOUGH.

As o'er the road the Brownies flew,
Still wonders strange attention drew;
But not a scene along the way
Made more demands on them to stay
Than did the fairy mounds, which show
No marks of plowshare, spade, or hoe;
For round them still the farmers toil,
But leave untouched the patch of soil
Which fairy hands, if all is true,
For pleasure-grounds in hillocks threw.



Thus moving on, the
Brownies bold
The "seven churches"
soon behold;
But only crumbling
walls remain
To mark where stood
each sightly fane.

The threshold stone and steeple tile
Are mingled in one common pile.
Now goats climb round to nip the weed
Where tablets bore the sacred creed,
And roosters scratch for waiting hens
Where knelt the priest with loud amens.
St. Kevin's kitchen stood the test
Of time's effacing hand the best,
And here the Brownies gathered all
To gaze upon the ivied wall;
Then seek the rudely fashioned seat
That graced the pious man's retreat,



THE BROWNIES AT GLEN-DA-LOUGH.

Where now the visitor can try
 What virtue in a wish may lie.
 A Brownie spoke: "Now who shall dare
 To seat him in St. Kevin's chair,
 Where often sat that saint, we're told,
 With mind so firm and heart so cold?"
 Another said: "Your question tends
 To heap an insult on your friends.
 But Brownies' hearts, let me maintain,
 Are free from every sinful stain."
 Then what a scrambling time had they
 To gain that seat without delay!
 For every wish, as people tell,
 Made in that chair will prosper well.



Some wished for pleasures rich and rare;
 And some for wealth beyond compare;
 And some, like Solomon of old,
 For wisdom prayed instead of gold;
 While more, and to their names be praise,
 Wished Erin might see better days —

See rents that
 came from
 laboring hands
 Employed to
 beautify her
 lands;
 See plenty
 springing
 from the
 sward,



THE BROWNIES AT GLEN-DA-LOUGH.



With no evictions to record.
A stone which told where lay at rest
Some one who long the country blessed
Was next inspected by the band.
While standing round it, hand to hand,
A living ring, they had the right
In several wishes to unite.
A "swearing-stone" had power to keep
Them for a time; for in it deep
A hole was drilled, wherein to place
A finger for a moment's space;
And it was said by young and old
No oath could have a better hold.

Said one: "About this saint we hear
Through legends that as truth appear
A sober youth, he passed his days
In meditation, prayer, and praise,
With heart too cold to melt a jot
At Cupid's sharp, persistent shot.
There was a maid, Kathleen by name;
To win St. Kevin was her aim.

Said she: 'If love can force apart
The walls of stone, the stony heart
In time must yield to Cupid's call;
Then he'll be mine for good and all.'
So let him pray, or let him preach,
Or moral lessons strive to teach,
He still would find that maiden true
With smiles and curtsies pop in view,

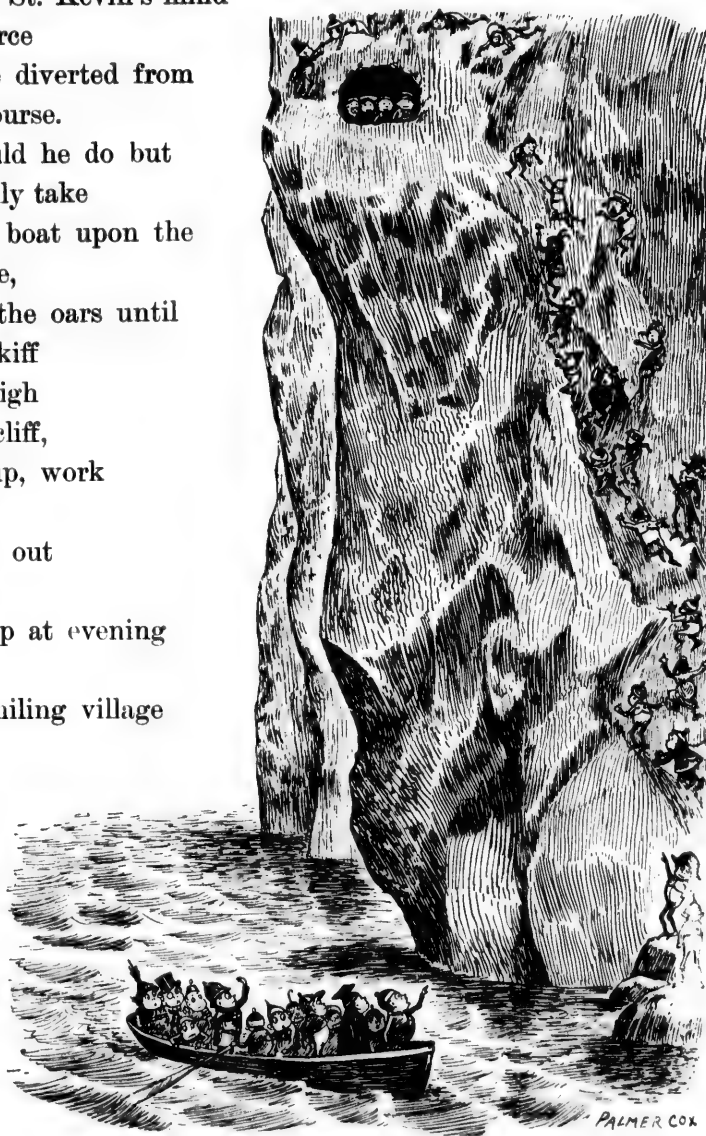


THE BROWNIES AT GLEN-DA-LOUGH.



Love should kindle
every breast
Though in secret
or expressed

And poor St. Kevin's mind
perforce
Would be diverted from
its course.
What could he do but
quickly take
The only boat upon the
lake,
And ply the oars until
the skiff
Had reached a high
o'erhanging cliff,
Then, climbing up, work
like a slave
Until he chiseled out
a cave
In which to creep at evening
shade
And shun the smiling village
maid.
'Though
persecuted
all the day
With smiles
to lead the
mind astray,
In here,'
thought he,
'through
night at least



PALMER COX

THE BROWNIES AT GLEN-DA-LOUGH.



There'll be some comfort for a priest.
But poor St. Kevin, though he knew
The road to heaven as well as you,
Was quite as simple as a dove
In understanding woman's love,
That braves alike the flood or flame,
The scorn of pride or sting of shame.
How many nights he found good rest
Within his rude and airy nest
Was never told; but this we know:
One morning, ere the early crow



Had thought of bidding roost farewell,
He heard a rustling at his cell,
And bolting up with startled stare,
He found the smiling maid was there.
Without a ladder or a rope,
Or aught to render aid but hope,
She slid around, and footing kept,
Until beside his bed she crept.

"The prelate lived for many a year
To penance do for rashness here.
The hand that could the censer swing
From day to day with patient fling,
And turn the leaves of Holy Writ
With pious care, was hardly fit
To patient rest beneath the strain
That now possessed St. Kevin's brain.
The legend leaves no room for doubt
As to the fact of putting out,



THE BROWNIES AT GLEN-DA-LOUGH.

Though evidence is somewhat slack
About the manner of attack.
It may have been a thoughtless
shove —

A poor reward for such a love;
It may have been a hasty blow,
Where rage was quick and
reason slow;

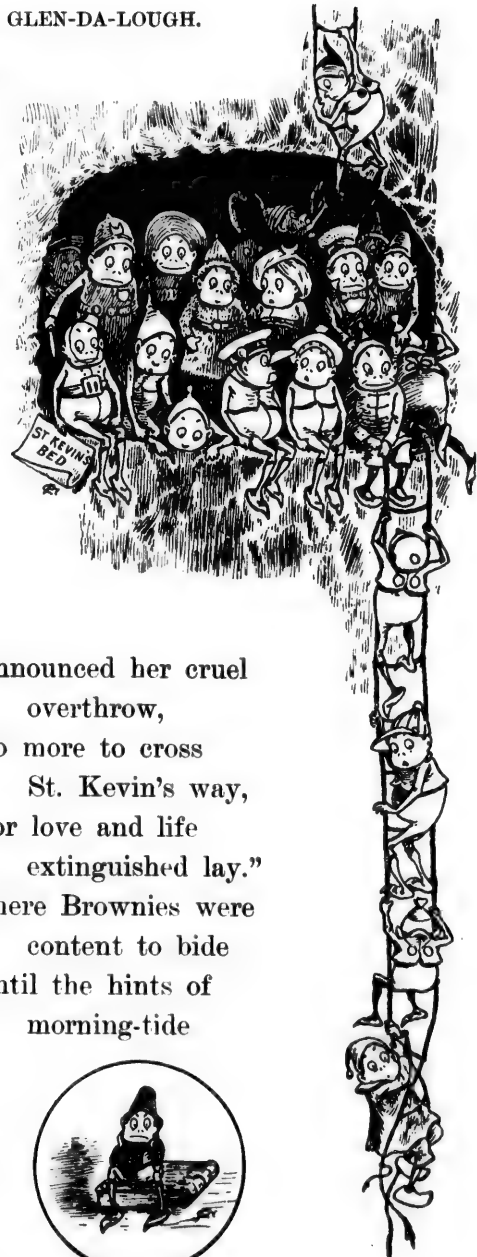
But there were shrieks that shook
the stag

A mile away on Murphy's crag,
And made the crow leap from
the haw

And flap away, too weak to caw,
Before the sullen splash below



Compelled them all to
leave the spot
To seek a safe, secluded
grot.



Announced her cruel
overthrow,
No more to cross
St. Kevin's way,
For love and life
extinguished lay."
There Brownies were
content to bide
Until the hints of
morning-tide



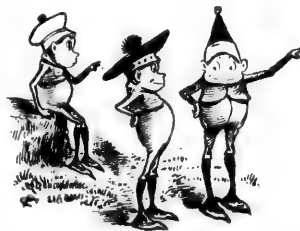


THE BROWNIES' FOX-HUNT.



THE dusky eve had, like a veil,
Descended on the quiet dale,
And beckoned things to hill and plain
That follow nightly in her train,
When, brightest of her retinue,
The cunning Brownies came in view.
Said one: "The task we have to-night
Is one that should each heart delight.
No better work can come to hand
Than driving foxes from the land.
I chance to know where three or four
Have made their home a year or more—

A rocky hill that does supply
Good places for the rogues to lie.
In spite of traps and pills, I hear,
They live on poultry all the year.
The white meat to the sick they throw;
The giblets to the toothless go;
The drumsticks and the wishbones fall
To babies who to breakfast crawl.



THE BROWNIES' FOX-HUNT.

And thus the pride of many a yard
Is portioned out with due regard.
The farmers' wives around the mount
Each morning have still less to count;
The fattest and the purest breed,
The kind that costs the most to feed,
All those in highest favor stalled,
Are missing when the roll is called."

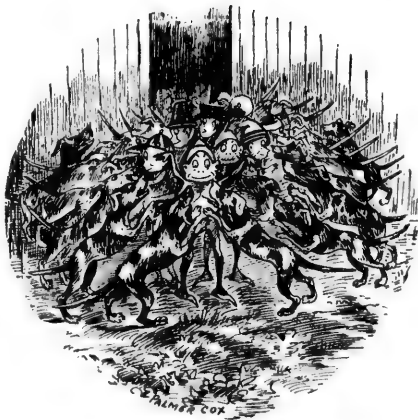
"Then here 's a chance," another cried,
"For work and pleasure in one ride.
If we could kill or even mire
These robbers in some other shire,

The blessings of the farmers' wives
Would follow us through all our lives;
And that should be enough, indeed,
To make each Brownie mount a steed.
Now, we can aid in running down
These rascals that annoy the town,
And all the year, with boldness rare,
Presume to live on Christmas fare.
The dogs and horses, well we know,
Are close at hand, and glad to go
On such a chase across the land
As will befit the Brownie band."

It takes short talk to bring about
A move when words like these go out;
And while some ran for horses good
At leaping wall and hedge of wood,
A number to the kennel went
For foxhounds of the finest scent—



If you're a scoundrel
don't suppose
That no one else
the secret knows.



THE BROWNIES' FOX HUNT.

Those who could still a rogue pursue
If bird-like through the air he flew.
What saddling up and reining in
On every side did then begin!
"The whipper-in," said one,

"I 'll be,

And play my part, as you shall see.
I 'll keep control of every hound,
However wild may be the ground."
'T was hustle, bustle, everywhere,
With not a moment's time to spare.
The barking dog, the neighing steed,
Thus taken from their evening feed,
With Brownies' chatter wedged

between,

Gave promise of a lively scene.
Well might the fox upon the hill
Arrest his step and listen still,
As, with forebodings grounded well,
He seemed to hear his funeral knell;

For something told him in the rout
He 'd figure ere the lights went out.
From burrows came the sharpened nose,
The lifted ears, and hardened toes

Of many a culprit who had made
The poultry study all his trade,
And knew each habit, haunt, and part
Like those who raised them for the mart.
The Brownies, mounted in the way
That offered best without delay,



THE BROWNIES' FOX-HUNT.

Were dashing soon across the field
'Mid sniffing hounds that round them wheeled.
Some horses carried three or four,
While some were taxed with even more;
For Brownies do not carp about
Who 's in the saddle or who 's out,
So long as they have got a place
That gives them mention in the race.

The howling of the foremost hound
Gave notice that the scent was found;
And then a chase o'er hills and dales
Began that pen to picture fails.
Some over hedges lightly flew,
While others simply bolted through,
At risk of getting many a rent
And rasp from bushes as they went.

Said one: "If we prolong this fun
We'll soon without much clothing run,
Since every vicious thorn or snag
We chance to pass receives a rag."
At times behind the hounds they sped;

At times they galloped on ahead;
And dogs were forced, though in the lead,
To quit the trail and dodge the steed.
It mattered little, as they bent
Their efforts more through sight than scent.
The birds, upstarting from their spray,
Thus roused long ere the break of day,
Flew blindly round from place to place,
As if full partners in the chase.

THE BROWNIES' FOX-HUNT.

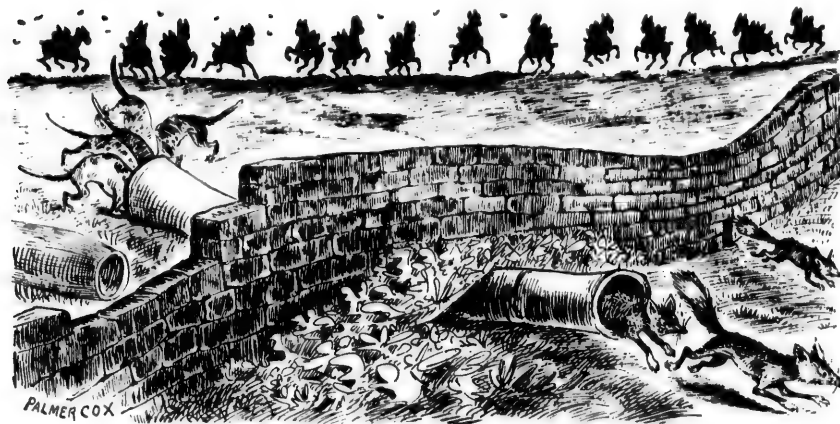


Round barley-stacks, through fields of oats,
Through garden gates and castle moats,
The hunt went on with many a fall,

And many a pitch across the wall,
Where horses felt a moment's dread,
But sent their riders far ahead.
The early dusk beheld the start;
The moon had crossed the starry chart,
And paled at hints of coming day,
But still the chase was under way.



THE BROWNIES' FOX-HUNT.



Prize-winners at the county fair
And yearly meet were sweating there;
For those who urged them to their best
Were not the kind to ask for rest.
Resorting to each cunning plan,
Through holes in walls the foxes ran;
Each point of vantage soon was seized;
Through broken drainage-pipes they squeezed,
While dogs, too large to enter in,
Lost space it took them hours to win.
An ancient palace stood about



Three leagues away when they set out.
They passed below its towers dark,
Thrice circled round the lodge and park,
And tore away new ground to find,
And left it twenty miles behind.
As when St. Patrick drove before
The toads and snakes from Erin's shore,



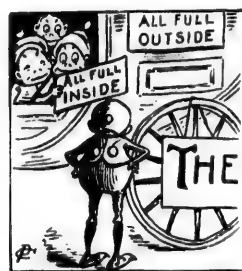
THE BROWNIES' FOX-HUNT.



Still cleansing counties as he passed,
And leaving blessings long to last,
So did the Brownies drive the host
Of rascals to the distant coast,
Where people mainly live on fish,
And poultry is an unknown dish.

And though the stars began to fail
Before they quite could reach a tail,
The fright sufficed to keep away
The cunning thieves for many a day.

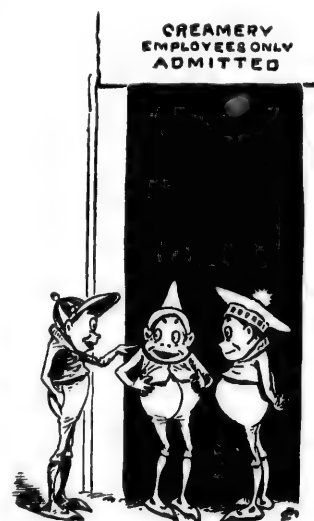




THE BROWNIES ON THE APPIAN WAY.

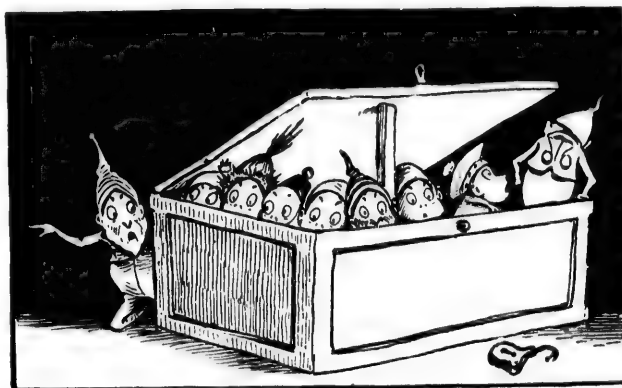
The sun had left St. Peter's dome,
And all the seven hills of Rome
Began to fade from human sight,
When trooping forth with faces bright

The cunning Brownies promptly showed
Themselves upon a Roman road,
For 't was their plan that night to take
A ride that would all records break.
Said one who with a pleasant flow
Reviewed their mission here below :
" My friends, we should be all agreed
In fullest sense ere we proceed.
Not happy if alone we sip
The joy where every one should dip,
For still united minds will tell
No less than hands, in doing well.
That man may live to silver hair
Who for himself alone has care,



THE BROWNIES ON THE APPIAN WAY.

But he 'll not leave his fellow-men
A life they 'll want to see again."
Another said: "Your words are sound;
We 'll friendly prove, wherever found.
If mischief-making was our aim
Or purpose here, there 's none, I claim,



Has better chance for
actions mean
Than one who moves
about unseen.
The miser counts his
money-bags,
And marks their worth
with private tags,
And tucks them well
away at night
In bed, secure from
mortal sight.

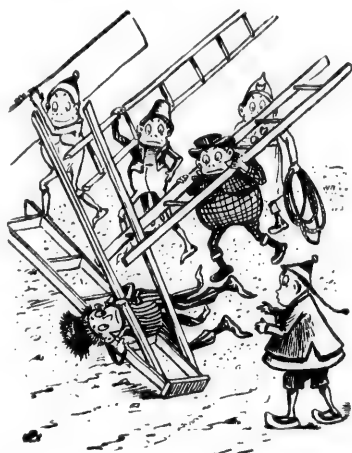
If prayer he says, which much we doubt,
It is that when he tumbles out
At morn he 'll find, in every case,
The bags still nestling in their place.
But there would plucking be of hair,
And groans and trembling of despair,
If we but cared to exercise
The mystic power that in us lies.
For from the bolster we could draw
His treasures, and not move a straw,
Nor make a rustle in the house
Would stir with fear a baby mouse.

THE BROWNIES ON THE APPIAN WAY.



But we have other mission here
Than that of causing groan or tear,
And so we let the miser lie
Upon his bags, and pass him by,
But not without a pitying glance
And wish that he may yet advance
To higher aim than to be rolled
In bedclothes with a bag of gold."
Another said: "We move alone
From passion free in every zone,

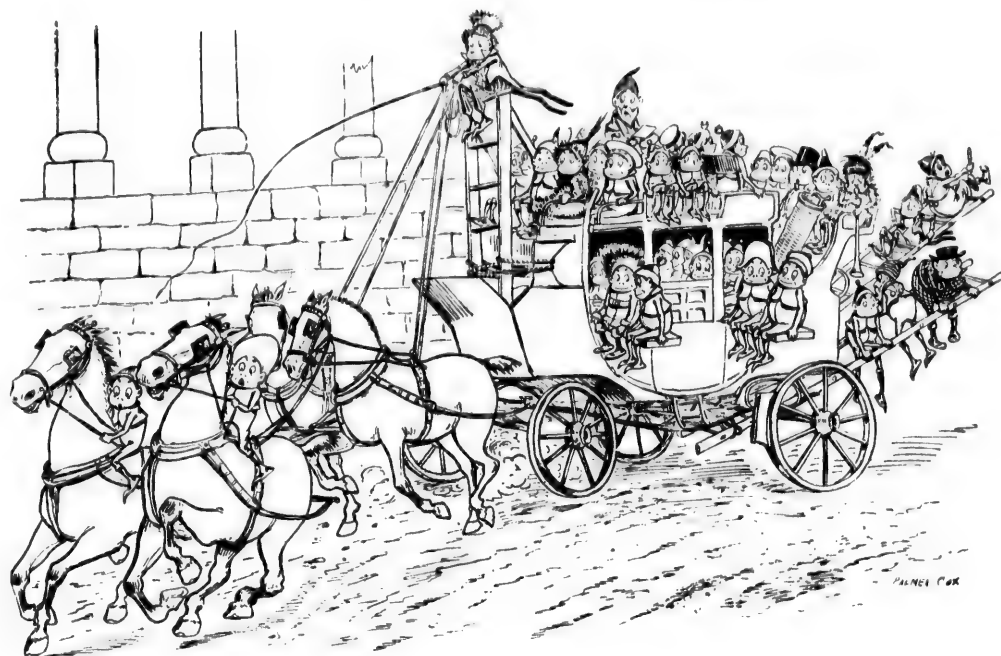
And though we often
have to hide
In holes where few
would care to bide,
Where little comfort
is our part
And little chance to
make a start,



We 're out again as fresh
and fair
As though we never had
a scare."
No less a thoroughfare
had they
Selected than the Appian
Way,
And started in
a four-in-hand,
The finest rig they
could command;

THE BROWNIES ON THE APPIAN WAY.

For little time had they to spend
In searching Rome from end to end,
And they were well content to try
The road with what first met the eye.



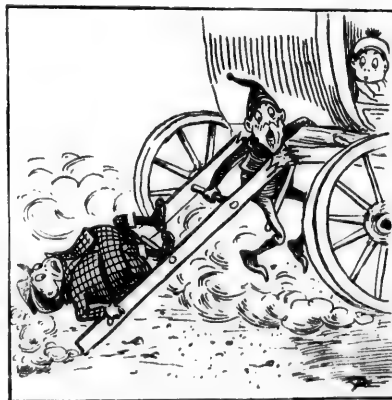
The coach, though large, could not provide
A seat for all who wished to ride ;
So certain articles were found
And fastened here and there around
To yield such comfort and delight
As seats without a cushion might.
But one would search creation through,
From oldest lands to countries new,

THE BROWNIES ON THE APPIAN WAY.



At you I'm looking-
you, I mean.
Take heed and keep
your record clean.

And not be able to obtain
A band of such a cheerful vein,
Content to make the best of all
The blessings found, however small.
The start was all that one could wish;
No other spoon was in the dish.
The way where thousands often rolled
Along in chariots of gold,
With trusty guard and nimble page,
Was now the Brownies' heritage;
And none could greater joy derive
From such a road or such a drive.
Said one: "'T is not so much the seat
As heart that does within you beat
That guarantees a pleasant ride
Or happiness on every side.
The one who rides a jolting cart,
If sweet content is but his part,



Will comfort find in
everything,
And joys not governed
by a spring."
Another said: "We now
and then
Need lessons, much the
same as men,
To give us strength when
troubles rise,
And wisdom to
philosophize.

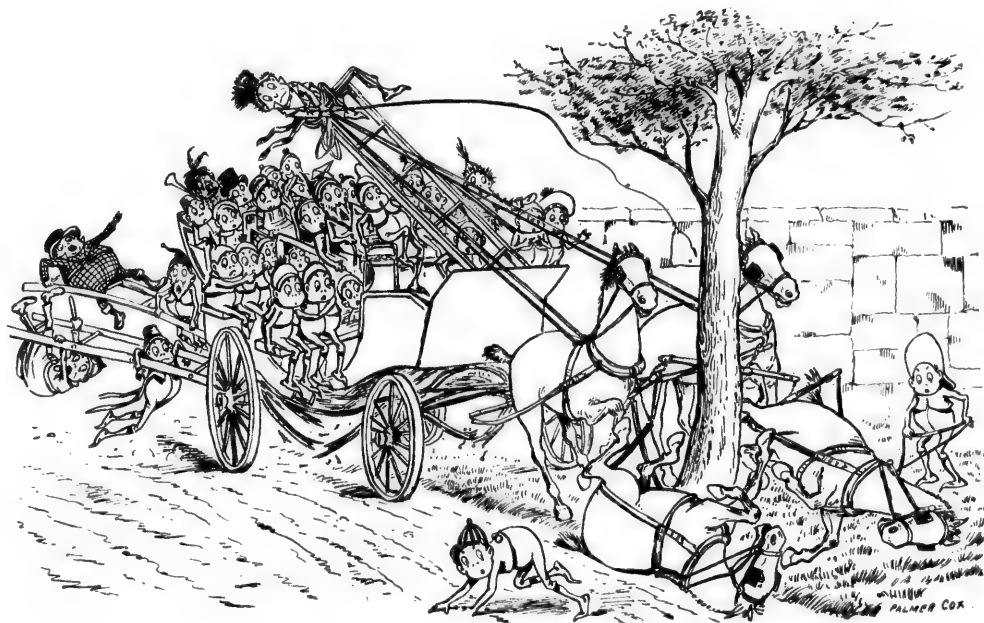
THE BROWNIES ON THE APPIAN WAY

This fine suburban road we own
To-night, was oft in pictures shown,
And glowing stories have been told
About the people proud and bold
Who crowded here, in by-gone days,
With sin corrupt, with gold ablaze;
Such as to vice and passion turned,
And fiddled while the city burned.
They had their day, and it was dark,
However hard they struck the spark
And through their conquest tried to shine
Without the aid of rays divine."
A third remarked: "Although a tale,
To speak the truth, is somewhat stale
That every school-boy can recite,
It seems not out of place to-night."
The birds of night gave sweetest song
To greet them as they moved along,

Enjoying scenes that
spread around,
Inciting them to thoughts
profound.
But well it was they had
been schooled
To hardships, and where
patience ruled;
For were it otherwise,
no doubt
That evening would have
laid them out:



THE BROWNIES ON THE APPIAN WAY.



For extra seats were insecure ;
 The drivers were not always sure ;
 While trees at times would seem to shoot
 From earth at once with branch and root,
 And neither double line nor lash
 Nor language could avert a crash.
 The sudden shock would check the smile
 And bring distress to rank and file,
 Especially to those whose strange
 Position suffered by the change,
 And even with the best of luck
 Had need for patience and for pluck.



Mosquitoes sing
 before they light
 So smiles sometimes
 forerun the bite.

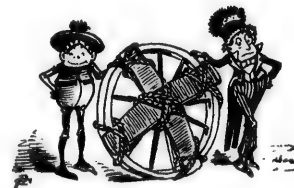
THE BROWNIES ON THE APPIAN WAY.

The night wore on, and stars retired,
For much repairing was required



Before the journey found an end
And they had time all breaks to mend.
Some hubs that had, in compact strong,
With spokes and fellies traveled long
O'er many a vale and weary hill,
In touch through every trial still,
Now left the league away to fly
Without a chance to say good-by.

But mystic hands can wonders do,
And none need doubt, ere they were through,
Some skill was shown and methods planned
Reflecting credit on the band.
For those who glaze the broken pane,
And spin the wool, and harvest grain,
Construct a ship or cook a meal,
Can soon repair a shattered wheel.





THE BROWNIES PRINTING.

geese had left the pond below;
 The tree received the grain-filled crow
 That all day long laughed in his wing
 To see the rag-made scarecrow swing;
 The children's merry shout no more
 Was heard around the cottage door;
 When Brownies with the evening shade
 Came forth and plans for action laid.
 Said one: "No time we need to waste
 In talk where wisdom counsels haste;
 The work that lies before us now
 Is not to hold the jumping plow,
 Nor yet to drag the gasping fish
 From water for the peasant's dish.
 But to a printing-house near by
 To find our way and then apply
 Our hands to type and presses great,
 A printed sheet to circulate."
 Short was the time, indeed, that rolled
 Between the plan and action bold;
 But ere they entered in the place
 They filled a window's ample space



THE BROWNIES PRINTING.



Keep up your heart,
The gale is near,
Where load will fall,
and prize appear.

With faces anxious for a stare
At presses set in order there.
Said one: "How few e'er pause to think
What power lies in a drop of ink.
A scratch, a dot, an airy notion,
Can start a thousand wheels in motion,
And bring employment to the hand
Of many a workman through the land!
What legions eat their daily bread
Through thoughts from some poor creature's
head,
Who seems most happy when his gaze
Is into fancy's wondrous maze."

Another said: "There 's nothing strange
In that. If you through nature range,
You 'll find some birds that spread the wing
And to the clouds of heaven sing,
And only from their soaring drop
To earth when they 've an empty crop;
While others in the hedges mope,
A seed or grub their only hope;
They pitch no tone above their 'cheep,'
And little glory care to reap,
And seldom bring their wings in play
Except to flit from harm away;
Some fish that near the surface scud,
And more that feel content in mud;
Some beasts that have an eye alone
For strangers' heels, or offal bone,



THE BROWNIES PRINTING.



And others of such knowing ways,
They merit people's love and praise.
If each is happy in its state,
What need have we to mourn its fate,
Since happiness is still, they say,
The boon for which all hope and pray.
The toad is happier under stone
Than in the light upon a throne,
And he who drags him from his bed
With thanks will not be overspread.

Let nature take its course, my friend,
And strive your own weak points to mend;
You 'll not lose time, if all is true,
In looking round for work to do;
You 'll have a task, not for a year,
But while you stay upon this sphere,
And leave unfinished, I 'll be bound,
For here perfection is not found."
No sooner was an entrance gained
Than each his mystic power strained
To show experience in the art
That was assigned him as his part.

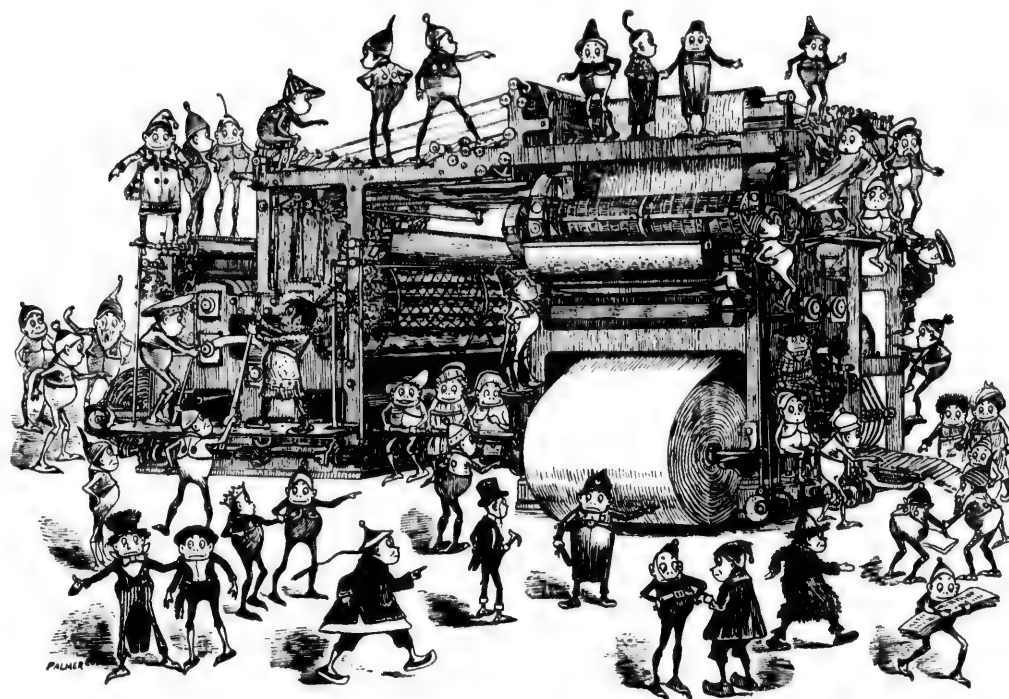
Some sat in editorial chairs
And leaders wrote of home affairs,
The foreign policy discussed,
The Turkish loan, the sugar trust,
Alliances that might be found
So advantageous all around;
And urged a naval demonstration
To overawe some growling nation.



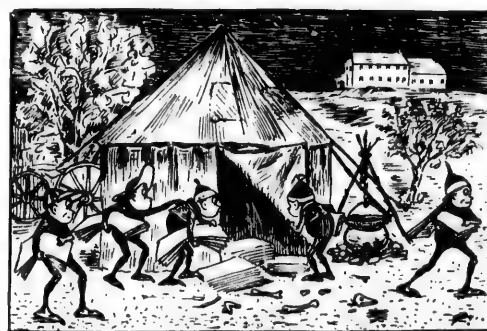
The joy that springs
from doing right
will make the plainest
features bright.

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THE BROWNIES PRINTING.



Some overlooked the work in hand,
 Some saw supply wait on demand;
 More ran like newsboys, ready there
 To scatter pages everywhere.
 And never was a task assigned
 To creatures of more willing mind.
 From central square to outer road,
 At club-house, inn, and plain abode,
 At merchant's hall and gipsy tent,
 They left some copies as they went.
 Some, working with uncommon zeal,
 Found trouble through a crank or wheel,



THE BROWNIES PRINTING.

For things were clicking all about,
Now rolling in, now turning out;
Or taking hold, like fingers strong,
Of this or that which moved along.
The workers were not slow to see
Just where they should or should not be.
But if they had as many eyes
As teeth, there would have been some cries,
So close they crowded to outdo
Each other at the labor new.
Some Brownies entered in the door



With swallow-tails they proudly wore;
But hungry presses soon got hold
Of any loosely hanging fold.
The garment quickly disappeared;
Between revolving plates it steered;
And when the vesture next they
spied,
It bore the news on either side.
Some were so marked with printer's
ink,
They called to mind the bobolink

When first he dons his springtime coat
And gives the North his matchless note.
All climes and countries, bond and free,
That rise from out the circling sea,
Were true to nature jotted down
Upon their clothing, white or brown.
Next morning, when their printed sheet
Was found on door-steps, folded neat,

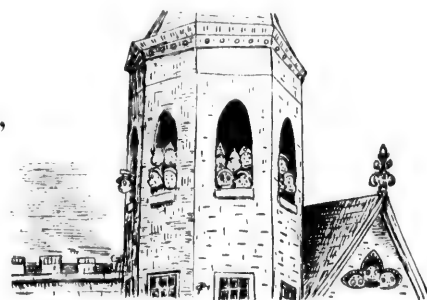


THE BROWNIES PRINTING.



And at each breakfast-table read,
Confusion through the city spread.
For measures had been voiced could make
The strongest-minded statesman quake.
The bourse was shaken to the dregs,
And stocks went smash like broken eggs;
Sealed orders were despatched to fleets,
And crowds collected in the streets;

While women pale ran up and down
As if a foe besieged the town.
The Brownies from their hiding-place
Looked on the scene with smiling face,
And said: "This proves, one must confess,
The wondrous power of the press."
But when by noon the fact was known
That Brownies had the challenge thrown
To every nation on the ball
That had a corporal's guard to call,



The town resumed its quiet state;
The bonds sold at their normal rate;
The shutters were removed in haste;
The shopman's smile the frown displaced;

The ships once more at anchor lay;
The war supplies were laid away;
The beacon-fires no longer burned;
The swords were to the sheaths returned;
And people laughed to think that all
The flurry came through Brownies small.





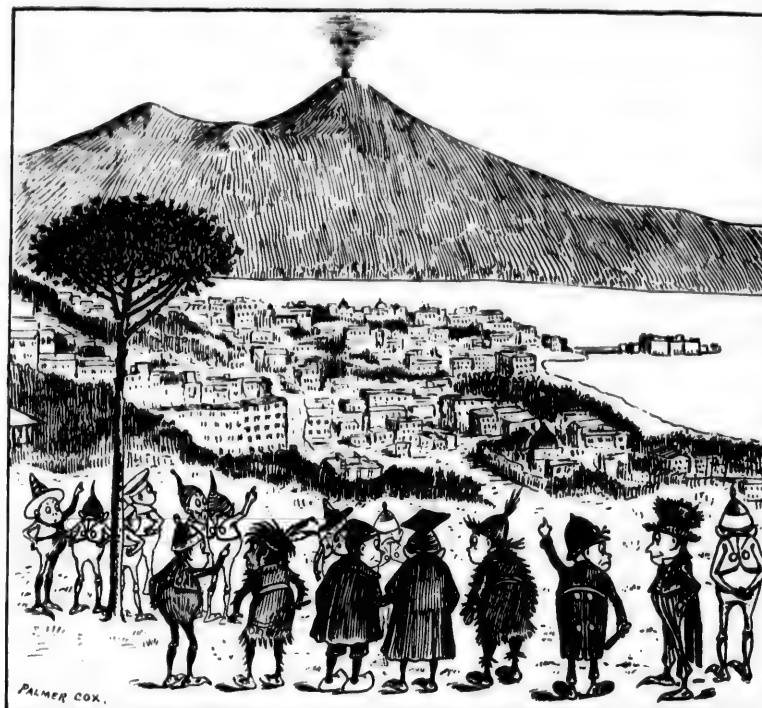
THE BROWNIES ON MOUNT VESUVIUS.

THE city and the pleasant bay
Of Naples in the shadow lay
Of evening, when the Brownies found
A chance to reach their meeting-ground.
Awhile their notions were exchanged,
That over many subjects ranged;
The ways of men they criticized,
And with some reason moralized.
For they have heard the priest expound
When no one thought they were around.
Perhaps beneath the pulpit stair
They listened to the opening prayer;
Knew when 't was narrow and confined
To his own circle, creed, or kind,
Or when it spread to every race,
A plea for all who needed grace.
Perhaps, concealed in organ-pipes,
They much enjoyed the parson's wipes
At people who neglect their chance
Some creature's comfort to advance;



THE BROWNIES ON MOUNT VESUVIUS.

And even through
 their mystic trait
 They saw the deacon
 pass the plate,
 And knew whose
 penny helped
 to fill,
 And who enriched it
 with a bill.
 Said one: "To that
 dark peak so high,
 Now looming plain
 against the sky,
 To-night we must
 at once proceed.
 The task be mine to
 take the lead
 And bring you up
 the rugged side



To where the crater yawns so wide.
 The wonders that will meet your gaze
 The mind will carry all your days."
 Another said: "No doubt you 're wise,
 And when to other realms you rise,
 And leave these shifting scenes below,
 The world itself will feel the blow;
 But all the same we 'll not depend
 On one alone his aid to lend,
 But who can best his speed maintain
 May leadership and station gain."

THE BROWNIES ON MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Ere long the roughest, steepest place
Bore witness to their upward race.
Some carried lengthy ropes of wire
That would withstand both rock and fire,
And others wicker baskets bore
In which they could the depths explore.
Said one: "We'll quickly something know
About the secret works below;
For we'll descend into the pit
As far as reason will permit,
And learn, perhaps, ere we return,
How deep an endless fire can burn.
Prepare yourselves for sulphurous smoke
And noises that the world awoke
In ages past, when cities proud
Were buried in an ashen shroud.
If there are those whose faces pale
When listening to a gipsy's tale,
They'd better keep a lower sphere;
Their place to-night is hardly here."



The road was rough, and some grew weak
Before they gained the lofty peak;
But little time they stood to scan
The crater wide ere they began
To lower those who cared to take
The chance of any slip or break.
At times the yell or thrilling call
Of those in danger startled all,
And brought the staring eyes about
To learn the cause of such a shout.



The mouse that has
no taste for cheese
is not so apt to get
a squeeze.

THE BROWNIES ON MOUNT VESUVIUS.



'T was strange upon that very night
The inward fire should spring to light
Which smoldered low for many a year
And gave but little cause for fear.
And now a bubbling sound would rise
From depths unseen by Brownie eyes;
Next smoke and ashes would ascend
In clouds that seemed to have no end;
And then the heat and lurid flame,
To cap the spreading horror came,

Attended by a rumbling sound
Like peals of thunder underground.
Soon those below the signals threw
To friends above, who quickly drew
Upon the ropes with fingers stout
To bring their hapless comrades out.

The drowsy bats, quite unprepared
For such an outbreak, badly fared,
As, flitting wildly from their nest,
They sought a safer place of rest.



THE BROWNIES ON MOUNT VESUVIUS.



No wonder there were shouts below,
And shouts above, and many an "Oh!"
Wrung forth by pain, and vows to stand
Unbroken, made with lifted hand,

THE BROWNIES ON MOUNT VESUVIUS.



That they hereafter would give o'er
Their crazy notions to explore.
'T was bad that basket-wood should start
At such a time to break apart,
And worse that ropes, a prey to rust,
Should also now betray their trust.
But thus misfortune often shows
Her malice by repeated blows.
To blame the rust or blame the wire,
Or willow, brittle as a brier,



Could little comfort give at most
To those now blistering in the roast.
The Brownies who saw comrades bright
Suspended in that woeful plight
Felt much concern, and feared, indeed,
They'd tread no more the dewy mead.
But though the giving out was great,
Enough remained to bear the weight
That changed position as each shake
Announced to all the latest break.
'T was minutes only by the clock
Which down at Naples crowned the block,
But to the Brownies dangling o'er
The dread abyss it passed for more.
Below them, boiling like a pot,
The lava rose all hissing hot,
Until upon the brim its glow
Proclaimed an early overflow.
The stones above the flame and smoke,
At melting-point, now whizzing broke

THE BROWNIES ON MOUNT VESUVIUS.



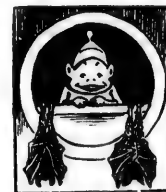
In pieces when thus forced to bear
The influence of colder air.

All hands were hoisted out at last,
Some weak and sore, and failing fast,
Then, dropping ropes and
baskets there,
To leave was now the
Brownies' care.



By happy chance, their mystic speed
Gave them a rod or two of lead.
So, climbing to some ridges nigh,
They watched the torrent rolling by.

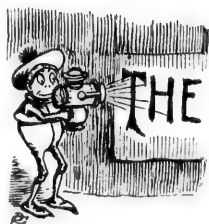
And there, above high-lava mark,
They waited till the latest spark
Of liquid fire in ashes died,
And then forsook the mountain-side;
And as the plain below they won,
The stars grew pale before the sun.





THE BROWNIES'

CENTURY RUN.



evening star led her train
Of brilliants o'er a stretching plain
Ere Brownies had already done
A portion of their century run,
On wheels of every style and make
That could a cyclist's fancy take.
But while thus spinning in delight
No common trouble hove in sight.

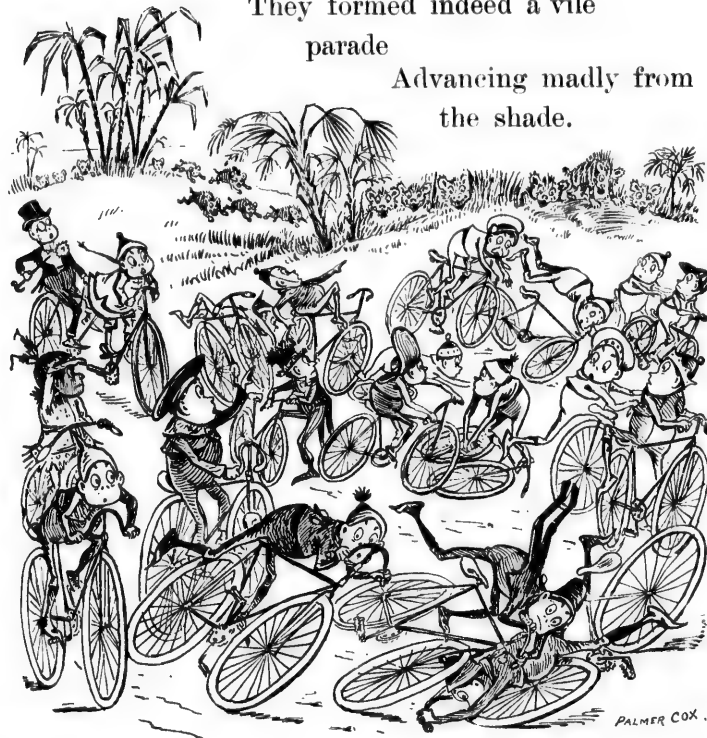
First yells that seemed their blood to freeze
Came startling from a clump of trees;
Then crashing for the Brownie folk
A pack of wild hyenas broke.
They 're creatures of ill-favored mien
With best of care, in cages clean,
And food prepared fresh for the jaws;
But here, all tousled up with straws
And dust and bark, from foot to head,
Unkept, uncared for, and unfed,



THE BROWNIES' CENTURY RUN.

They formed indeed a vile
parade

Advancing madly from
the shade.



A falsehood runs where
truth sits still.
'Tis hard to catch and
worse to kill.

Ere this they oft had broken fast
On luckless mortals traveling past,
And seeing Brownies as they ran,
Mistook them for some caravan,
And bounded forth, believing they
Were now assured an easy prey.
They nothing knew of Brownie lore,
Or mystic traits in those before,
And started on an enterprise
That warranted some exercise.

THE BROWNIES' CENTURY RUN.

So scared were Brownies for a spell
A number from their saddles fell,
And brought about, in every case,
Delays that were much out of place.
The beasts, encouraged by the sign
Of panic all along the line,
Put forth the loudest outcry yet,
And counted every table set;



In fancy, knives and forks were there,
The spoons to scoop, and salt to spare,
With finger-bowls and napkins clean,
And toothpicks for the closing scene.
No caravan had come for days,
And every eye was now ablaze.
And, through the spur of pressing need,



They quite surpassed all former speed.
But there 's no sharper spur than fear,
And Brownies strained the chattering gear
Of every safety, old and new,
And tandem built for ten or two.

THE BROWNIES' CENTURY RUN.



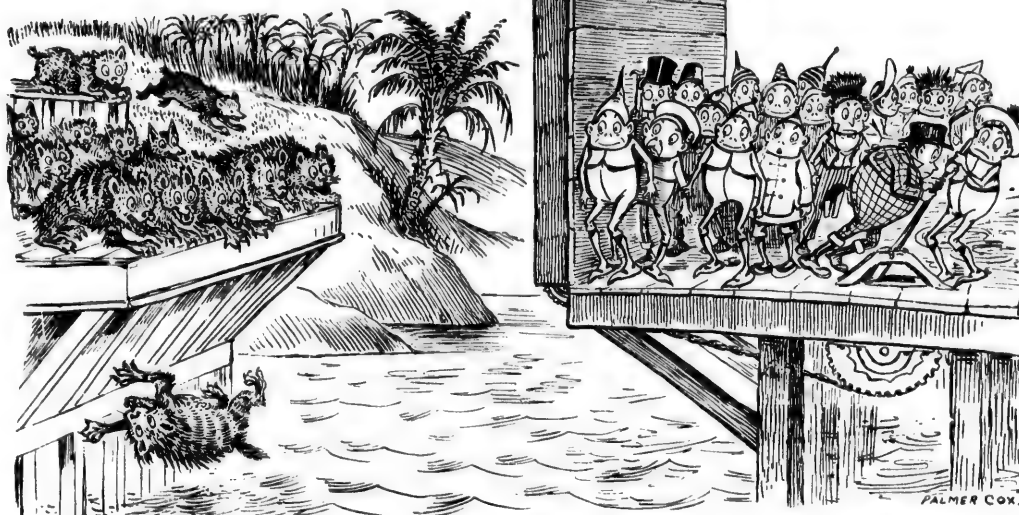
Before them lay long miles
of track;
Behind them closed the
starving pack.
Untamable, indeed, and rude,
They fought for place in
angry mood,
And pitched a chorus in the rear
That grated on a Brownie's ear.
Ere long, attracted by the chase,
Still other beasts applied for place:
The wolf, the wilcat, and
the bear
And jackal entered for their share,
Till those declared who best
could see
A whole menagerie was free.

Full well we know in every run
There has to be some pumping done,
And sad and desperate was his case
Who had to halt in such a race,
All shaky-handed, to inspire
With scanty air a flabby tire.
A bridge has been a famous theme
Since first it learned to span
a stream,
And while combating for the same
No few have won immortal fame.
Poor Tam O'Shanter knew the boon
Of life lay in the Brig o' Doon,



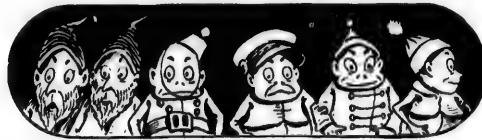
THE BROWNIES' CENTURY RUN.

And on a bridge not far away
The Brownies' hope now
anchored lay.

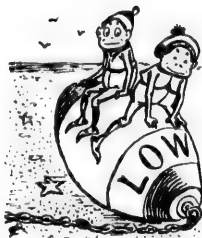


To gain it at a slight advance
Was now, indeed, their only chance.
The punctured tires confessed how near
Were snapping teeth to Brownies dear,
As they all pedaled o'er the draw
And in its rise their safety saw.





THE BROWNIES AND THE TIDE.

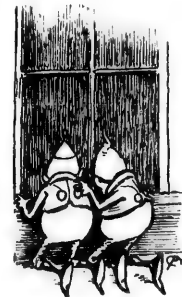


was the tide as fell the night,
And far to sea the sand was white,
When Brownies met to chat a spell
About their joys and cares as well.

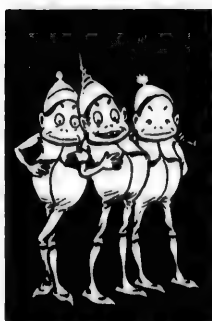
Said one: "A pleasant life we lead,
To help the poor in case of need,
Or sport and ramble up and down
In country now, and then in town.
We pass the watchman at his post,
As silent as the fabled ghost.
We enter in the houses still
Where children cribs and cradles fill,
And older heads on pillows pressed
Enjoy a good and needful rest.
We glance around with prying eyes,
To see where work unfinished lies,
Where weary hands let needles fall,
Or hung the garment on the wall,
To wait until the morning light
Would more befit a failing sight.
How anxious all to play their part —
To learn if they have lost the art,



What can you do
when folk begin
To say they're out,
when they are in!



THE BROWNIES AND THE TIDE.



To prove that they can point the toe
Or turn the heel as years ago ;
Can run the gusset, hem the sark,
And thread the needle in the dark ;
And how between each stitch the head
Is turned about to face the bed,
The restless arm or foot to note,
The lighter breathing, clearing throat,
Or other signs we apprehend
Which tell when sleep is near an end."
The Brownies at their evening play
Now ventured from the shore away,
And noticed not, though seldom slow,
When turned the flood to inward flow.
Although it slowly seemed to leave,
With scarce a murmur or a heave,
With hasty leaps and angry roar
It sought again the rocky shore.
They ran, of course, but hope was vain
The distant line of shore to gain,

Impeded by the currents strange
And fish rejoicing at the change
Still darting wildly
 through the foam
As wide and wider
 spread their home.
No less the sea-bird's
 bolder flight
And piercing cry
 proclaimed delight ;



THE BROWNIES AND THE TIDE.



But pleasure was that moment far
From Brownie sprites upon the bar,
Now climbing up or sliding back
On rocks that chance flung in their track,
And shifting stations as the wave
Gave promise of an early grave.

THE BROWNIES AND THE TIDE.

Could mortals see them in that plight,
Retreating from the billows white,
Still eying stains or creases dark
In hopes to find high-water mark,
They 'd hardly think again to trace
A smile upon a Brownie's face.



Where rises tide some forty feet
A person oft must change his seat,
If he is not prepared to die,
Or wants to keep his clothing dry.
And still, as Brownies upward crept,
Around their heels the water swept
Until the very peak or crown
By chafing waves was taken down

THE BROWNIES AND THE TIDE.

And only Brownies were in view,
A group above the ocean blue.
The spindle-legs soon went below;
Their bodies felt the chilling flow;
Their necks were stretched, as wave
 upcurled,
To still connect them with the world;
The birds, supposing all was through,
With life and action round them flew,
Yet kept aloof whene'er they spied
Their eyes still rolling bright and wide.
But even here it gives us rest
To know how well they stood the test.



Said one, between the waves that broke
Across his face and checked his croak :
"I 've always said, and still maintain,
Misfortunes yield a certain gain;
They prove our nerve and closer bring
The friends that through disaster cling;
What though we now and then may
 feel

Around our legs a wandering eel,
Or something bobbing at our toes,
That no one but a mermaid knows,
If from the trial we can rise
With better sense and firmer ties?"
Another spoke, his latest speech
Before his mouth took in a leech,
And through his nose he then inspired
The nourishment his lungs required :



THE BROWNIES AND THE TIDE.



"No tree can prove how well it bends
Until the hurricane descends ;
So we through trials of this kind
Are able to enrich the mind.
'T is better than a year's advice.
The tide will never catch us twice,
But what I learn of ocean more
Than now I know shall be on shore."
The sea has limits, as the land,
And must obey the moon's command
To check its pace and be content
To rise no more on mischief bent.

THE BROWNIES AND THE TIDE.



Although you draw
the righteous blade,
You may be first to
need the spade.

The Brownies, let me emphasize,
Were not prepared for greater rise.
Another inch above the rock
Had given all the world a shock;
A wave no thicker than your hand
Had cost us all the Brownie band.
The bubbles, as in boiling pots,
Began to rise and float in spots.
When things are at the worst, they say,
They sometimes mend and come our way;
And haply in the nick of time,
When hope seemed hardly worth a dime,
The flood was checked through nature's
plan,
And, to their joy, the ebb began.
The seaweed drifting for the beach
No nigher to its port could reach,
But promptly, without turn or tack,
Commenced its random journey back.

The billows hissed no more in scorn,
But, whispering, left to find Cape Horn.
No choice had fish; their place they knew.
The birds turned tail and outward flew.
To run was now the Brownies' care,
And leave the rocks ere fully bare;
And as the sun on Scotland fell,
They reached the shore alive and well.





THE BROWNIES

SHOPPING.



THE birds of day had settled down
 Upon their roosts in forests brown,
 And men before the deepening shade
 Had laid aside the tools of trade

To seek the rest the evening brought,
 When Brownie sprites a meeting sought.
 Their conversation scarce began
 Before upon their wants it ran.
 Said one: "This thought oft comes of late,
 When I review our seedy state:
 Through all adventures heretofore,
 At home or on a foreign shore,
 These suits we 've worn by day and night
 Without a change, however slight.



And soon a treat should be at hand
 For every member of the band."

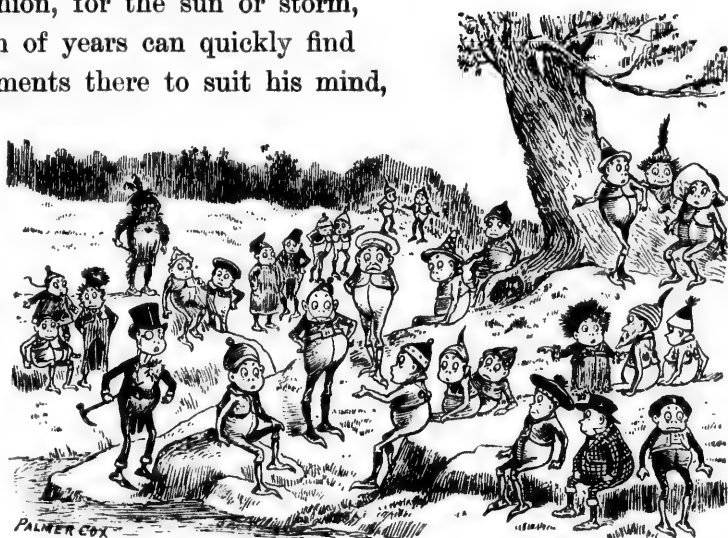
Another said: "A change is near;
 I'm not unmindful, never fear;
 In my excursions wide I found
 A shop that covers blocks of ground;



THE BROWNIES SHOPPING.

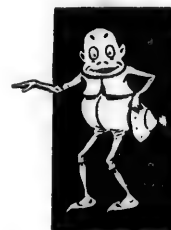
There clothing lies of every form
And fashion, for the sun or storm,
The man of years can quickly find
The garments there to suit his mind,

And there the babe
in arms may smile
To see the infants'
latest style.
The price of every
garment there
Is marked in figures
full and fair.
As Brownies may not
mortals meet
In shops, no more than
in the street,



We 'll take things at the rate they name,
And not incur the slightest blame;
To-morrow night let all the band
Assemble with the cash in hand;
Let savings-banks be emptied out
And every pocket round about
Receive a call, that we may do
Some shopping ere the night is through."

Then little banks that held their store,
Some light enough, but weighty more,
Were brought in view to quickly yield
The savings they so long concealed.
Where all was earned, or in what way,
'T is needless here for me to say;



THE BROWNIES SHOPPING.

The reader may be well content
To know that every single cent
Or ha'penny that each safe contained
By honest efforts had been gained.
Then to that shop that was assigned
The night before with willing mind



The Brownies did at once repair,
Through public park and private square.
It causes them but short delay
To find a fitting entrance-way.
To sing the Brownies' praise and tell
The work they do and do it well,
Leave naught untold or out of sight
That would illume their record bright,

THE BROWNIE'S SHOPPING.

Would take much longer than the span
Allotted to a mortal man;
One might be scribbling till the blast
Of doom put all such notions past,
And then, in spite of zeal and skill,
Be only at the preface still.
Ah, they have ways to come and go
That we may never live to know;
Can one expect to tally keep
Of fish that dart through ocean deep?



The child that heeds
the parent's nod
Will need few lessons
from the rod.



To watch their windings and their play
At hide-and-seek, from day to day?
No one has power, save Him alone
Who gave each fish its wealth of bone,
Its icy blood and oily scale,
Peculiar fins and driving tail,
And said: "Go forth, like lightning flit,
And cleave the wave as thou art fit;

But whether sporting in the brine,
Or struggling on the angler's line,
I will take heed, for thou art mine."

Ere long each active member stepped
Within the place where goods were kept.
The kind of clothing there they found
Would suit the people, earth around —
The English red, the Chinese blue,
The buckskin for the painted Sioux.
Egyptian garments white as snow,
And fur coats for the Eskimo



THE BROWNIES SHOPPING.

Were ready made on every side,
With cards of size and price supplied.
What trying on at once began
As here and there the Brownies ran!



Now to a mirror in a pack,
To get a view of side or back;
Now to a drawer to find the shears
To clip a tail that long appears;
Now for a needle and some thread
To give some buttons wider spread,
Or lift them on the back still more
To match the suit so long they wore.

THE BROWNIES SHOPPING.

Then Brownie skill had ample range
While bringing round each needed change.



But better hands could not apply
A balky thread to needle's eye,
Or with the shears bring garments all
To fit like plaster on the wall.
Some, finding what they wished with ease,
Gave aid to those more hard to please,
Till every one was suited right
And every face was beaming bright.

Then value to the smallest thread
Was laid upon the board instead.
Those falling short found friends near by
The wanting shilling to supply,
For Brownies rather have a heart
Alive to every noble part
Than all the treasure one could hide
In vaults, however deep or wide.



THE BROWNIES SHOPPING.



Be sure no losses were sustained
By those where outfits were obtained.
They found at morn the money there,
To smallest fraction counted fair,
But, lo! a greater value lay
In what the rogues had thrown away.
The cast-off garments left behind
Proved riches of the rarest kind,
All labeled as a guarantee

That they were borne across the sea
Upon the forms of Brownies small,
The only band upon the ball.
No delving in an ancient site
Could bring such curios to light.
The bits of braid and buttons old
Were counted worth their weight in gold,
And soon were gathered up to be
Preserved where all the world could see.



If you are honest,
little acts.
As well as large,
will publish facts.





oneal,
fa.
arge.
sh facts.



THE BROWNIES CROSS THE ATLANTIC.



SECOND STAGE.

STILL farther north the Brownie band
Pursued their way across the strand
To where the sea, with capes and isles,
Is narrowed to one thousand miles.
And here they planned some logs to find,
And build a raft of strongest kind,
On which they all might safely ride,
Until they reached the eastern side,
And then continue on their way
Through foreign lands without delay.

Said one: "At this time of the year
The currents eastward set from here;
And if our raft but holds together,
And we are blessed with pleasant weather,
Within a fortnight, at the most,
We'll surely reach the Norway coast."
Another said: "Somewhat I know
About that ocean's ebb and flow,
And tell you, ere you court such ills
You'd all do well to make your wills.

